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Diary of the Week.

THE week of passion and sensation at Chicago ended in an overwhelming victory for the Republican machine. Mr. Taft was duly nominated as candidate, and Mr. Roosevelt, after many hesitations and the loss of a large number of his followers, announced his intention of "bolting." He will call a fresh convention sometime in August to nominate himself as the candidate of a new party "of purity" to "do battle for the Lord." It is more commonly known as the "Bull Moose Party." The Democratic Convention at Baltimore has aimed at setting an example of decorum and unity. In comparison with Chicago, it has been decorous and undemonstrative, and has avoided public quarrels only to intrigue the more subtly behind the scenes. It, too, is dominated by a personality, but reports describe Mr. Bryan as a waning force in oratory, while ascribing to him unsuspected tactical skill.

* * *

THE first round, which resulted on Tuesday in the election of Judge Parker as Chairman, was a defeat for Mr. Bryan, who had trounced him as a reactionary and the nominee of Wall Street, while refraining from the grosser personal charges which raged at Chicago. On Wednesday the Bryan forces rallied, and carried their

proposal to nominate a candidate before elaborating the "platform." The first choice lies between Mr. Champ Clark, regarded as the selection of Tammany, and Mr. Woodrow Wilson, the nominee of the Radical and Bryanite section. It is very possible that neither of them can secure the two-thirds majority required by Democratic usage. Here emerges the exciting possibility that Mr. Bryan may himself be nominated. If, in the end, the choice falls on a Conservative Democrat, who will represent the machine, the further question arises whether Mr. Bryan will in his turn "bolt." No one imagines that he has the animal egoism to do battle for the Lord on his own account. But emissaries from the Bull Moose herd have been in conclave with him at Baltimore, and the suggestion is that he may fuse his following with the Republican insurgents, and form a third party, in which he would be the second-in-command, and stand for the Vice-Presidency in a coalition of the two personalities against the two machines.

* * *

THE Holmfirth election repeats, with a difference, the moral of the Liberal success in North-West Norfolk. Mr. Arnold, the successful candidate, fought on Mr. Hemmerde's policy of the taxation of land values, and a thorough policy of land reform, as well as on a retrenchment of armaments. Thus he was able to hold his own against two opponents—a Tory attacking the Insurance Act, and a strong local Labor member making play over the miners' discontent with the Minimum Wage Act. It was inevitable that he should lose votes to the miners' candidate, but it is clear that he lost very few indeed to the Conservative. The latter only secured 3,379 votes against 7,944 (4,749 to Mr. Arnold and 3,195 to Mr. Lunn) divided between the two Progressive candidates. This shows that Toryism without a policy, or with Protection as one, is still a hopeless proposition with the British electorate. And Liberalism again has its clear lead.

* * *

THE question of the undistributed surplus has at length been resolved. On Monday, Mr. Lloyd George devoted £5,000,000 to the reduction of the Debt, £1,000,000 to supplementary Naval Estimates for this year, due to the new German Navy Law—which for 1912 provides for an increase of £734,000—and £500,000 to an advance to East Africa and Uganda, probably with the special view of developing the export of cotton. This allocation is pretty generally approved, though the million to the Navy is merely a preliminary sum, and exceeds an earlier estimate by a quarter of a million. The suggestion is that it will all be spent on personnel. Mr. George's critics—Tories as well as Liberals—were pleased at the prospect of giving £5,000,000 to reduce the National Debt, and the latter cheered the statement that since 1906 our liabilities have been reduced by £78,000,000. Mr. Asquith declared that trade had never been more prosperous and never rested on a sounder basis, while the national credit—measured by the price of Consols—was as good as in 1872. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's criticisms were mainly friendly, but the Radicals shook their heads over the new addition to armaments.

SIR EDWARD GREY succeeded this week in evading, with rather more than his usual hauteur, the requests addressed to him at question-time for information regarding the Trans-Persian Railway, and for an opportunity to discuss it before it goes further. Meanwhile, the caution, even of its most officially minded advocates, suggests how amazingly weak the case for it must be. Sir Valentine Chirol, writing over his own name in the "Times," has his reputation as an expert to consider, and is content to urge that while the case for the railway has yet to be made out, there is no case against it. The leader-writer of the "Times," with no expert reputation to ruin, went a step further. Sir Valentine hardly goes beyond generalities. The railway is a work of civilisation, and we cannot seriously intend to keep India for all time isolated from the rest of the world. India, one may remark, is "isolated," as we are ourselves, by countless sea-roads. The Bagdad Railway, moreover, which our diplomacy has not furthered (some would say, "has sought to thwart"), is only a day longer than the Persian route, and presents no military risk. He does not claim any great commercial value for the line, and admits that what our trade requires is, primarily, the road northward from the head of the Gulf.

His case seems to be briefly that an inevitable railway had better be built at once. Russia, he reminds us, can in any event build as far as Ispahan. That we owe to the Convention, and we do not like it; but after Ispahan there would still be a desert to cross. The whole military question is whether we ought to help Russia to cross it. In some mysterious way, Sir Valentine considers that the line will be a source of strength to Persia. The tonic she requires is not the permanent possibility of cheap and easy invasion, nor yet the presence of the Cossacks and Sowars who will be required to guard the line. To the military argument, his reply is the oddly irrelevant *tu quoque* that Liberals used to smile at the continual Tory scares about Russian designs on the Indian frontier. While India had a virgin desert for frontier, we could afford to smile at scares. We were never so besotted as to urge that the Russian autocracy is morally above aggression. Russia is what she has always been—a Power whose best friends are at a distance. We need not commit ourselves for all time against a railway. But only on two conditions ought we even to consent to discuss it—the permanent triumph of the parties of liberty and peace in Russia itself, and the development of Persia as a vigorous independent State.

On Friday week the Prime Minister made to a business deputation a very moderate and rather old-fashioned statement on the right of State intervention in unsettled labor disputes. He thought that the Government should only intervene in the last resort, and where a dispute threatened the general interests. Otherwise the Government should maintain a normal attitude of complete detachment and impartiality. He approved the form of industrial agreement under which each party deposited a sum in advance to cover possible breaches. But he put aside compulsory arbitration and spoke cautiously on co-partnership. Intimidation was the worst enemy of labor, but it might be too subtle to be met by mere rough-and-ready remedies against actual violence. The dock dispute drags on, with vague threats of the railwaymen striking in sympathy, and Lord Devonport still refusing to meet the men, or to reinstate the strikers, and being apparently anxious to forget that he ever called himself a Liberal. It is a pity that the issue is controlled by two personalities so unsatisfactory as he and Mr. Tillett.

It is impossible to ascertain what is really happening about the proposed Six Powers' Loan to the Chinese Republic. Negotiations are continually interrupted and resumed, and nothing is clear, save that some at least of the Powers are using finance as a weapon of international coercion. The affair is nakedly political. Russia and Japan have no money to lend, and have forced themselves upon the Concert in order to intimidate China. The method is simplicity itself. Diplomacy in China, as in Turkey and Persia, works with finance partly as its tool and partly as its spur. It holds China in a monopoly, because no bank would dare to lend to her against the wishes of its Government. She may borrow only from the allied official banks, and therefore she must accept in the end such terms as the Great Powers choose to impose. If further coercion is required, Russia tightens her hold on Mongolia, and Japan intrigues in Manchuria. The object of some at least of the Powers is to subject China to financial control, and that by the most openly subversive means. The plan is, apparently, to indicate to her what troops she shall retain and what troops she shall discard—a scheme which seems to cover some design for a Manchu restoration.

To require stringent conditions of audit under foreign employees is, we think, proper. Even the Young Turks have accepted that, and the Chinese do not openly reject it. But between an audit to check peculation, and a control to dictate the destination of expenditure, lies all the difference between honest government and foreign tutelage. We are, as usual, without information as to the attitude which our Foreign Office has adopted towards the manoeuvres of its Russian friend and its Japanese ally.

THE July number of "Nord und Sud" contains some interesting statements of the German case for better relations with this country, which the "Daily Chronicle" has translated. That of Herr Bassermann, the National Liberal leader, is rather conventional, and is little more than a general defence, on familiar lines, of the policy inaugurated by Prince Bülow and Admiral Tirpitz, of creating a fleet for the purposes of *Welt-Politik*. Germans, he insists, want a strong navy, but do not desire to encroach on England's supremacy at sea. He looks for an end of mutual suspicions, and believes that the war danger of last autumn has actually improved the conditions of peace. Briefer, but more illuminating, is the article of Professor Schiemann. He begins by describing France as still inspired by thoughts of revenge for 1870, and dwells in an even more fantastic style on the alleged fundamental hostility of Russian opinion to Germany, adroitly using the new Russian naval programme. Germany must have a strong fleet to meet such a combination, especially if England is likely to join it. "How very different would the position in the world be if England and Germany would reach out hands to one another!" If Herr Schiemann is proposing an Anglo-German against a Franco-Russian combination, we doubt whether he has served the cause of the *rapprochement*.

MR. HARCOURT made an admirable new departure on Thursday by turning the conventional Ministers' answer to detailed criticism of his Department into a broad and luminous survey of its work as a whole. In a two hours' speech he presented the direct Colonial dominion of the Crown, as a vast unit of administration, and a gigantic example of labor and commercial and scientific adventure. The speech should be reprinted and widely dispersed, for it has great imaginative

as well as practical uses. Its tale was of almost universal development (the failure of the Brussels Convention to stimulate the East Indian sugar trade forming an exception), of rising trade returns, of expanding industries and railway systems, and best of all, of successful warfare against tropical disease. Mr. Harcourt's picture had one dark spot, which he indicated very lightly, but which Liberal and Tory critics developed—the color question. The most serious aspects of it are the attempt to revive Rhodes's black labor policy in the South African Union, the spread of indentured labor, the terrible rate of mortality among the Kaffirs who are drafted into the Witwatersrand mines from the Portuguese territories, and the erection of a new color bar to Imperial service in Hong Kong.

THE vulgar attempt on the part of some rich women to avoid the trouble and cost of contributing to their servants' insurance had a worthy "send off" in a "demonstration" at the Albert Hall. Lady Desart, who presided, described Mr. Lloyd George as a "gagger," a "guillotiner," and a tyrant"; while, not to be outdone, a Mrs. Morgan Dockerell, whose lineage escapes us, but whom the "Daily News" describes as wearing a "black silk evening dress and a big black picture hat," referred to him as a "mongrel" and a "thief," and the Act as a "long-lived stomach-ache." "A butler" afterwards addressed the assembly, who were especially eloquent on the "taxation" of servants. On this point, Mr. Masterman, in a letter on servants' insurance, points out that, if this is their main concern, the Act enables them to give their consciences immediate relief:—

"The statement has been made," he says, "by persons of wealth and position that, though they greatly desire to contribute for the benefit of their servants, they have a conscientious objection to becoming what they call 'tax-gatherers.' Under such circumstances, it may encourage them to know that they can, if they choose, and without any penalty being imposed, pay the whole 6d. a week themselves for their servants, and by so doing build up a pension fund for each servant, and the pension paid would be helped by the addition of the State 2d. in every 8d."

THE hunger-strike which has broken out among the suffragettes in Holloway has led to the release of Mrs. Pankhurst and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, on account of danger to life, and to the release on similar grounds of some of their followers. Others have been forcibly fed and retained in prison, the Prime Minister stating that they would be released on giving a pledge not to repeat the offence of window-breaking. Mr. Asquith made this statement on Tuesday, and on hearing it, Mr. Lansbury, showing much excitement, rose from his seat, and advancing towards the Treasury Bench, denounced Mr. Asquith, asking him whether he "called himself a gentleman, murdering women in this fashion." Mr. Lansbury continued in this strain for some time, and, amid much uproar, was called on by the Speaker to leave the House. This he was persuaded to do, after repeating his charges, and declaring that he could not contain himself. We regret such a declaration from a high-minded man like Mr. Lansbury. Indignation is one thing; hysterical self-abandonment is another. The first is a great moral force, the second is a great waste of force; and individuals and parties who choose the second method lose their capacity for displaying the first and awakening it in others.

We much regret Mr. McKenna's decision to withhold first-class imprisonment from the followers of Mrs.

Pankhurst while conceding it to her. But it is necessary to make two remarks about the present tactics of the W.S.P.U. Do they desire to give woman suffrage a fair chance in Parliament and in politics? If they do not, they have only to continue their present tactics, and there will be an end to it. Violence will be repelled by force, greater violence by greater force, and the cause will be swallowed up in the contest. The second is that some measure should be put to the attempt to suggest deliberate cruelty in the prison treatment of the suffragettes.

WE observe two communications from Miss Pease and Miss Gargett in the "Standard" of Wednesday. The former says that she complained of cold in her cell, and rang to have her hot-water bottle filled, which was done. Next morning she called for the presence of "all officials," and was moved to another cell. In the hospital "there was a mouse." Miss Pease demanded a cat, and it was supplied. She complained to the Governor that "we were sitting too near the ordinary prisoners in chapel," and she and her friends were then removed from them. Miss Gargett reports that "she found an insect in her cell, and there was a cricket that kept her awake all night." She also had "to use the crockery which was in the cell left over from a former prisoner." We are sorry to see such sorry trifles turned into grievances, and gravely published in newspapers, the more so as the Suffragettes have done good service for prison reform.

SIR GEORGE WHITE, the defender of Ladysmith, died on Monday at the age of 77. His early military service was in the Indian Mutiny and in the later Afghan war, where he won his V.C. He was Commander-in-Chief in India, but his name will be associated with the holding of Ladysmith against Joubert, Botha, and De Wet. His decision to defend Natal was probably mistaken, and his military disposition of the defence of Ladysmith has been questioned. But the gallantry with which he resisted the siege, in spite of famine, disease, and a large civilian population, cooped up in an unhealthy town, and his unwavering refusal to abandon his post, are justly held to have been great elements in the issue of the campaign. He was a man of simple and fine character, if not of great military talents.

THE death of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, on Tuesday, at the age of 76, hardly represents a serious subtraction even from the abundant volume of academic art in this country. Alma-Tadema's pictures had not ceased to please, but they had lost the great vogue which they enjoyed twenty years ago. They had, indeed, no quality of endurance. The world with which they dealt was a dead world, and the painter hardly attempted to suggest that it was ever alive. His aim was to devote his remarkable and attractive skill to the rendering of sun-illuminated marbles and metals, and to dispose around gracefully designed and artfully colored interiors or porticos, formal and harmoniously draped figures representing Roman men and women. His great resources of technique enabled him to repeat this convention, not indeed in great variety of forms, but always pleasurably, and often with brilliant and highly illusive effects. But the fashion of such a school—if it could be called a school—has passed away. It is unfortunate for his fame that his pictures were painted in the years immediately preceding Professor Gilbert Murray's successful attempt to revive the human interest of classical life and literature.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NATION AND THE INSURANCE ACT.

THE Insurance Act will become law in a few days, and the manner of its reception will furnish an excellent test of the social force and adaptability of our people. Neither its author nor anybody else presents it as a perfect measure. And, on the other hand, none of its enemies dare carry criticism so far as either to deny its immense powers for good or to propose a practical alternative. Many would have preferred a non-contributory scheme. But a nation can only realise those benefits for which it is willing to pay in the way in which it is prepared to pay for them. Those moderate Liberals, for example, who complain with some justice that its method of taxation is unequal as between the comparatively poor employers with many workers, and the prosperous employers with few, would never have supported a scheme raised out of the income-tax, and maintained by reasonable economies in our war expenditure. And those Conservatives, again, who attack the provision for the Post-Office contributor, accept with effusion the scheme which made the Post-Office contributor inevitable. Eliminate the societies, or bribe them to take in the whole nation, or raise every penny of the insurance fund out of the taxes, and you have a simple, a more socially equitable, plan. But who was prepared to back so tremendous and so destructive an innovation? Who would have seen it through Parliament? Who would have guaranteed its working?

The Act, therefore, in the form of a contributory measure, makes its inevitable but not unduly exacting call on the good-will of hundreds of thousands of employers, doctors, officials, and heads of households. All these classes are asked to realise what every civilised person, let alone every member of a Christian community, professes as part of his citizenship, that is to say, some measure of responsibility for the health of their dependents. Three great social aims, all attainable, underlie the measure. The first is the extirpation of consumption, with its yearly toll of 60,000 British lives. The second is the organisation of the medical profession as a service of national health, definitely directed to the prevention as well as to the cure of disease. The third is the general increase of the physical efficiency of the workers of both sexes, and of as many grades as the approved societies, existing and to come, can be made to cover. In a word, the Act should mean a substantial enrichment of the country, a definite addition to its material, no less than its moral, resources. It is, therefore, of the highest importance to obtain the willing co-operation both of the skilled and of the unskilled administrators of the Act, and to sweep as large a number of persons as possible into the area of the fully insured. The beneficiaries will not hang back of their own accord. Foolish, idle, and false counsels may be tendered them, and some few classes, such as clerks, may be made to suffer, or to seem to suffer, by the ungenerous attitude of their employers, or even by a shameful and repellent attempt to steal an illicit profit from the Act. But the great body of workpeople, such

as the agricultural laborers, who are used to insurance, and the other large numbers to whom the various benefits—medical, maternity, sickness, and disablement—make a personal appeal, will furnish an instant nucleus from which an insured community will rapidly grow. Other industrials, like domestic servants, to whom the Act must inevitably bring a rise of real wages, will in time supply a still more persuasive recruiting agency. Who, then, will hang back? Not, it is safe to say, organised capital or organised labor. The former may not in all cases be treated with absolute equity, and the lower ranks of the workers will feel the pull of the earlier contributions. The national temper is slow and easily prone to muddlement; but it is just and humane, and many capitalists who, in good times, realise that their workman does not get the full benefit of a big order or a bumper year, will recognise the justice of this small addition to the labor bill no less than its ultimate profit.

The immediate obstacles will arise in the main from different quarters, and specially in the line of domestic service. There will be the inveterate pleasure-seekers to whom cost is nothing and trouble everything. Their objections to "licking stamps" and filling up cards call for not the smallest sympathy, and a prompt example of a bad and specially prominent offender will do all the good in the world. For these persons must know that by their purely selfish discouragement of insurance on the part of their servants they risk the loss of the higher scale of benefits which the Act affords to those who insure within the first year, and invite the perils and miseries that attend on the middle and later life of the workers. Other classes of employers deserve more consideration. They will be won by example, by fellow-feeling, by the better understanding of the provisions of the Act. After the first few weeks, the filling up of cards and the purchase of insurance stamps by mistresses or by servants will become as automatic a duty as the making up of the butcher's bill. As to the payment of servants' premiums, we offer no advice, for we are perfectly sure that that matter will settle itself. There is no moral obligation on an employer to pay his or her gardener's or housemaid's insurance. Such a course may even be held to be against the moral purpose as well as the legal intention of the measure. But good domestic servants are, and always will be, in the nature of a prize, and many masters and mistresses will probably come to the conclusion that it is wise to anticipate the inevitable, and to make the payment of their servants' premiums an act of grace rather than of virtual compulsion later on. Others may properly make other arrangements, such as a small addition to wages, and others again—the heads of modest households where the margin of comfort is narrow—will abide by the provisions of the Act and deduct their servants' premiums. The class of passive resisters again will divide themselves into the unsocial vulgarians of the Albert Hall, and the merely imitative class, whose ignorant kindness resents or fails to appreciate the orderly instincts and protective forethought which alone make civic life possible. Against both these classes, the people of enlightened good-will should, we suggest, make not merely a passive but an active stand. They will be moved not only to obey the literal provisions of the Act,

but to instruct their servants and to encourage them to join the best approved societies within the three months permitted by the Act. This, we are glad to see, is the attitude adopted by Lady St. Helier, who, after all, is a more real leader of "society" than persons of the type of the Duchess of Somerset. No difficulty will be found in discovering such organisations, and we shall be surprised if the problem of domestic insurance is not virtually settled by the close of the year.

We believe that the more serious trouble with the doctors will be adjusted by much the same force of social example. A body of able and high-minded practitioners are, we know, fully determined, on public grounds, to work the Act, regardless of what their colleagues may do. Their action will in the end regulate that of the profession as a whole. To such a result two powerful causes will contribute. Sensible men realise that so excessive, so absurd, a demand as that of a State guarantee of an average income of between £600 and £700 a year cannot be maintained. They know, too, that it is impossible for a self-respecting body of men, bound by heavy bonds of honor and duty to care for the public health, to refuse to associate themselves with a great public scheme of physical betterment without giving it a trial, and testing the large extension of fees and representation which appears on the face of the measure. If the older men maintain a policy so irrational and so perverse, the younger men will not. They, in particular, will feel their future to be bound up with just such a scheme of preventive medicine as the Act provides, just such an organisation of the really unconnected branches of the profession—general practice, laboratory work, sanitation, hospital and dispensary service—as it plainly has in view. They will be reinforced by two classes of doctors now engaged in contract work—first, those who know that it is compatible with very tolerable remuneration, and, secondly, those who, discerning the defects of the present system, realise the sensible improvement—in pay, in control, in representation—which even an unnamed measure secures. They will be anxious to avoid so disastrous a conclusion as the abandonment of the medical benefit, considering the immense advertisement of quackery and "institute" practice which such a step would involve. The old, the conservative, the more timid and ignorant elements, will hold back; the young, the ambitious, the far-sighted, the enthusiastic, the public-spirited, will come forward. We propose in future numbers of THE NATION to give special opportunities for this side of medical opinion to find a hearing, and we will undertake to make such representations as we think its interests require. The obstructives have, we are afraid, lent an ear to some party manœuvring, but their protest has its honest and human side. Of all such difficulties of temperament and instinct and situation, the Government and the Insurance Commissioners are bound to take due account. Should such a course be taken, and the Chancellor's promises of amendment be applied to a case of genuine hardship, if any such case can be made out, the profession will resist service under the Act at their peril, and they will not resist it long.

STATE INTERVENTION IN INDUSTRIAL WAR.

PREMISING that it was "extremely undesirable that a Government as a Government should concern itself in industrial disputes," the Prime Minister, in his interesting reply to a deputation of business men last Saturday, endeavored to lay down the right limits of governmental intervention. The normal attitude was to be one of "complete detachment and impartiality," to be broken only as a last resort and then only in cases where the nature of the dispute was such as "not merely to affect the particular trade, but to threaten the general interests of the community." It is upon this doctrine that in modern times Governments have generally proceeded in this country. The State must stand and look on until a really grave emergency has arisen, and then, with no preparatory inquiry, no proper machinery, and no sufficient statutory powers, must intervene, arousing the deepest resentment in the breasts of the two contesting parties who wish to fight it out themselves, each confident of victory, and affording little satisfaction to the public by its tardy and irregular protection. The events of the last twelve months have surely taught us that this era of *laissez faire* has definitely passed away, and that Governments in future must be prepared to take a regular, though not necessarily an arbitrary, part in all important industrial conflicts. For in every such industrial conflict the general interests of the community are directly and vitally engaged, alike in the conflict itself and in its sequel. This doctrine applies, of course, primarily to the great fundamental industries, such as railways, mining, agriculture, the transport trades, and the major branches of the metals and textiles. But not to these alone. Wherever an industrial dispute takes place in which the weaker party is forced into accepting terms degrading and injurious to its standard of life, it is the manifest duty of the State to intervene. Along these two lines, the intervention of the State has been actually proceeding, and with the application of Wage Boards to the sweated trades upon the one hand, and the mining industry upon the other, we have an advance to which no halt can be made until the right of determining disputes on wages and conditions of labor by civil war has been cancelled in every trade. Trade agreements, with conciliation and arbitration for their interpretation and enforcement, are essentials to civilised industry.

Such a statement, however, by no means disposes of the important questions of immediate policy as to the nature of these agreements and the methods of conciliation and arbitration. There are those who, like Lord Furness, would bestow upon Government a power of compulsory arbitration. A strong logical case can be made for this proposition as a general maxim of Government. But its application has proved exceedingly difficult, even where it has been tried in a comparatively simple order of industrial society, like that of Australia, and the general refusal, both of employers and workmen, in this country to entertain the notion puts it out of court as a present solution for industrial difficulties. However logical may be the claim that Government should overrule in the interest of the public the alleged "right" of strike and of lock-out, so long as the employers

and workers who form the great majority of that public insist upon maintaining this right, compulsory arbitration remains a barren aspiration. In teeth of such a sentiment, no award could be enforced.

But it by no means follows that the State is to take no general measures of protection against stoppages of industry. The Board of Trade and the new Industrial Council have already powers to hold inquiries into the issues of a conflict, not only on the application of the parties concerned, as is commonly supposed, but by a reference of the Government without the invitation of the parties. When trouble is brewing in an important trade, it ought to be the business of the Government to set on foot a detailed inquiry so that they, or their Industrial Council, might be in a position to publish an authoritative report before war actually broke out. The advantages of such a course are obvious. The impartial statement of the issue would, upon the one hand, greatly facilitate agreement between the disputants, while, on the other, it would bring all the weight of an informed public opinion to bear upon the side which had the best of the argument as tested by the inquiry. This right and duty of impartial inquiry might well be extended so as to conform to the conditions of the Canadian Act of 1907. This measure provides that no strike or lock-out shall take place without a month's notice, during which a compulsory investigation shall be made by an impartial authority. Why should not powers of arresting the outbreak of war, pending investigation of the cause of dispute, be given to an enlarged Industrial Council?

Concurrently with such a policy, it is desirable that the Government should do everything it can to facilitate in the several trades the organisation of employers and workers necessary to secure the regular fulfilment of agreements. The offer of the transport workers in London to deposit a sum of money as a substantial guarantee for the fulfilment of agreements under the Joint Board is a notable step towards this method of industrial peace, and the refusal of the employers, including the Port Authority, even to enter upon this initial stage of orderly conciliation discloses a state of mind which is a grave menace to society. We look to the Government to secure that, if, as seems likely, the financial weakness of the transport workers forces them to yield, the employers shall not reap any benefit from their callous rejection of conciliation and organisation. For upon the successful application of these two principles the peace of our industrial life more and more depends. To this task the Government will more and more be required to give direct assistance, whether by timely processes of inquiry, by insistence upon an attempt at conciliation preceding every stoppage of work, or by providing adequate legal penalties for definite proved breaches of agreement. Mere *ad hoc* hasty intervention, in the heat of an actual conflict, will not in future be considered a proper and sufficient contribution of the Government towards the maintenance of industrial peace. We cannot suppose that members of the Government are blind to the signs of the time. The degradation of real wages and of the consequent standard of life for large masses of the workers,

which Mr. Asquith himself so clearly recognised as a chief immediate source of industrial discontent, is a novel and very disconcerting feature of the situation, coinciding as it does with a rapid spread of education and a consequent demand for a larger share in the growing fund of wealth. If, as seems tolerably certain, labor cannot make good its claim to what it deems a satisfactory share by processes of bargaining and bickering, it will demand the assistance of the Government as a regular instrument in enforcing that claim, and in proportion as the Government is truly representative it will yield to that demand. However large the part left to collective bargaining between capital and labor in the stronger organised trades, the co-operation of Government will be of constantly growing importance, while the task of securing a minimum standard of wages, hours, and regularity of employment in the less organised trades already confronts our State, and is certain to absorb more of the energy of statesmen.

THE TREND OF FOREIGN POLICY.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

It is expected of every man that he should know his place. The place of a writer on foreign affairs, we are often inclined to think, is, in contemporary England, to describe. Even under a system of government which goes its way unchecked by any representative control, and wholly indifferent to any public opinion, save that of the ruling class, there is always a task for the historian and the commentator. He loses touch with reality only if he allows himself to write as though the trend of foreign policy were an affair of the national will, which the sentiment of the masses can affect, as it affects legislation and taxation. We have attempted in these articles to analyse the trend of our foreign policy. Its Radical and Socialist critics may formulate an ideal of their own, but they know, as they state it, that the first task before them is to acquire the means of influencing our external affairs. Since the modern phase of financial Imperialism and "continuous" policy began with the occupation of Egypt, it has been as impossible that a Radical should be Foreign Secretary as it is that a Roman Catholic should be Lord Chancellor. The congestion of business in the Commons has rendered every academic debate on foreign policy an insignificant check. The complication of issues under our existing party system forbids a free vote on the merits of any external question. When the average Liberal member goes reluctantly into the Government lobby to sanction the present conduct of the Foreign Office, he is voting not at all on the partition of Persia or the handling of Anglo-German relations, or the increase of our armaments. He is voting for Free Trade, and Home Rule, and Social Reform. Lord Rosebery, when he told us that we are all "rattling into barbarism," consoled us with a prophetic vision that the working classes of Europe would one day rise up in their millions, and thunder out an imperative "Halt!" That day is far ahead. The working-classes are busied with the more elementary problem of wages and bread. It is an illuminating comment on the patriotism of the classes which possess the monopoly of education and leisure, that they

should turn for salvation to the unschooled masses, absorbed in the struggle to exist.

If we were to attempt a summary of the positive and constructive conclusion of these articles, it lies in a single sentence—"Have done with the obsolete and misleading associations which cling round the old-world conception of a balance of power!" There can be nothing in modern conditions which justifies us in pursuing that ideal as the aim of our policy, because there is not among the ends and purposes of modern Empires the old ambition to assail the liberties or alter the boundaries of European nations. The struggle is for opportunities to expand overseas, and its driving force is no longer a primitive land-hunger, but rather the need of rapidly accumulating masses of capital to find new fields to exploit. In concrete terms, the whole grouping of the great Powers seems to have for its object to acquire, or to prevent others from acquiring, exclusive zones of economic exploitation. A survey of the fundamental Anglo-German rivalry revealed at every stage of its history only this effort, on the German side, to acquire new "places in the sun," against a coalition of the Powers of the Triple Entente. The continual efforts to break that coalition, sometimes by finesse and sometimes by menace, were explicable on two grounds. In the first place, Germany saw in the coalition a combination to "pen her in," and to frustrate her economic expansion in Morocco and in Asiatic Turkey. In the second place, she desires to win for herself the advantage of which Russian diplomacy has made such abundant use—access to the French Money Market, which is closed to-day against all her securities and enterprises, whether foreign or domestic. It is not possible to treat the European situation as a simple consequence of the Anglo-German rivalry, or to suppose that the harmony of Europe can be restored by a bargain between us over colonies and the Bagdad railway. If this were to lead to a cessation of the naval rivalry between us, the Continental tension, expressed in the competition of land forces, might become, in consequence of the relief at sea, more and not less acute. There is a specifically European problem, and that problem turns on the place of France in the grouping of the Powers. So long as Germany schemes for a general understanding which will admit her to the Paris Bourse, and so long as we in this country continue to regard such an understanding as an attempt to overthrow the European balance, there can be neither rest nor a normal development of civilisation.

Our plea is for some realistic thinking about the vast economic process which really lies behind the whole trend of diplomacy. We are all agreed that an arrangement would be for our mutual advantage, by which Germany and Great Britain came to an understanding over their spheres of economic predominance in Africa and Asia. Admit so much, conceive the world-process on the basis of an international division of labor, and the inevitable second step is to realise that the co-operation of German enterprise with French finance, so far from threatening the liberties of Europe, would end its unrest and knit two military Powers in a common work of civilisation. The true prescription for the present unrest is not a one-sided Anglo-German

rapprochement, which would afterwards leave France isolated, to be lured or bullied "into the orbit of German diplomacy." It is rather a simultaneous pursuit of an arrangement among all three Powers. If that could be reached on the basis of a definition of spheres of influence, and the recognition of free trade in capital between Paris and Berlin, it would at last be possible to consider a parallel reduction of armaments not merely at sea but also on land. It is no light task which we are proposing in this scheme to diplomacy. But in neither half of it is there any insuperable difficulty. M. Caillaux came near concluding the one bargain, and Lord Haldane took the initial steps towards the other.

A commentator may feel that his diagnosis of tendencies is incomplete without some constructive proposal, but candor may none the less require him to add that the forces are not yet at work which would render its adoption necessary. Public opinion in this country has called for some approach to Germany, and the approach, we do not doubt, will be made. It is not unlikely that some concrete result will follow in the shape of an African bargain, or an arrangement over the Gulf section of the Bagdad Railway. In this there would be un-mixed good; but we shall deceive ourselves if we assume that such an arrangement would suffice to end the feud in Europe. The evil lies in the rooted conviction which dominates our diplomacy that our interests as a World-Power require us to maintain a dualism in Europe. So long as it is any part of our purpose to give an exclusive character to our association with France, so long will the race of armaments continue. Assume that a certain fundamental antagonism exists which would make a danger to ourselves that our friends of France should become the business partners of Germany, and there can be no end to the rivalry of navies and armies, even if there should be a slackening. To reason on these lines is to open year by year fresh avenues of alarm. No sooner have we secured our overwhelming predominance in the North Sea, than doubts assail us over the Mediterranean. The burden of our responsibilities under the stress of an ambition to play a preponderant Continental rôle, is hidden from none of us. The only division of opinion is between those, on the one hand, who would end the feud, restore the Concert, and so avert the re-constitution of our defences, and those, on the other hand, who would rush forward into a permanent military alliance with France and its corollary of conscription. Liberal policy will shrink from both of these logical consequences of its diplomacy. It has been fortunate in its finance. It will avoid both the relief and the burden of an alliance, by the simple but spend-thrift expedient of squandering in Dreadnoughts the produce of the years of good trade and the yield of the new taxation. But by this method it will only have accumulated problems and temptations for its successor. A Tory Administration, overtaken by the inevitable "slump" that comes in the cycle of good years and bad, unwilling to raise fresh revenues for a still greater navy by further direct taxation, will be driven by need where it would wish to go from choice. It will elect to avoid the necessity for fresh naval increases by an alliance with France, and it will pay the price by introducing some form

of compulsory military service. We are making the case to which it will yield by all that is good, as well as by all that is questionable, in our policy. We are setting the pace in social reform as well as in armaments. We are creating on the Indian frontier, by our assent to the Trans-Persian Railway, a military problem which our present system of service cannot meet. Above all, we are handing on to a party traditionally disposed to methods of force and ideals of megalomania, a European situation so tangled and so wrathful that only great wisdom or great timidity could steer safely through it. When the records of this period are written, it will be no defence of our policy to say that we have kept peace in our time. We—the Liberal Party, the Party of Bright and Gladstone—have utterly failed in the constructive tasks of peace; we have made an inheritance which must issue either in the slavery of conscription or the curse of war.

THE REAL FIGHT IN AMERICA.

So far as tactics are concerned, the break away of Mr. Roosevelt from Republicanism and the announcement of his new National Progressive Party ought to have greatly eased the task before the Democratic Convention which is sitting at Baltimore. Mr. Roosevelt makes his appeal to "Republicans and Democrats alike in the name of our common American citizenship." His revolt against the domination of machine politicians on the one hand, and dishonest wealth upon the other, and his demand that the common people shall be the court of final appeal in matters of government, are in themselves calculated to appeal at least as powerfully to the radical wing of the Democratic Party as to the insurgent Republicans. This would appear so evident that the politicians at Baltimore might be expected to strain every nerve to secure the nomination of a Democratic candidate radical enough to stop such probable defections from their party. Unfortunately, the clash alike of personalities and of policies within the Democratic Party, though less dramatic than in the Republican, is quite as real. There is very little else than party loyalty to hold together the white Southern aristocracy, Tammany, and the democracy of the West. So long as any remnant of the old antagonism of principle surviving from the struggles for State rights could be warmed up for electioneering purposes, party solidarity remained almost automatic, divergence upon the Tariff helping to furnish a business basis for party opposition. But there is now no serious pretence that these historic issues furnish a true dividing line. The difference between the orthodox Republican and the orthodox Democratic tariff policy, though substantial, is not really vital. Tariff for revenue only, if attainable, would be very far removed from Free Trade in a country as yet disabled by its constitution and traditions from any adequate system of direct federal taxation.

The really urgent issues of American Government have no relations to the principles, the traditions, or the social composition of the two great parties. They are issues ripened rapidly since the Civil War by the swift industrial development of America

under conditions which have made federal, state, and municipal politics highly profitable instruments in the hands of skilful, ambitious, and unscrupulous groups of business men. In the course of two generations, the land of freedom and of equal opportunities has been converted into a land of economic privileges, conferred and sustained by the arts of political management. Railroads, lumber companies, great manufacturing and commercial combines, the concentrated power of finance, have reduced the effective liberties of the common people, absorbing more and more the possession and control of the raw resources of the land, and restraining competition in the manufacturing, transport, and marketing processes so as to present the most conspicuous example of plutocracy the world has ever seen. For the pursuance of these business purposes, politics in every one of its departments, legislative, administrative, and judicial, has been a necessary tool. Tariffs must be built as feeders to Trusts; these, again, must be protected against taxation and against vexatious restrictions of the law; factory legislation, employers' liability, and all interferences with the liberty of contract by which wealthy corporations can coerce weak competitors or working men must be kept off the Statute Books, or, if admitted, must be nullified by administration that is sympathetic with business interests. All these and other related needs of plutocracy have obliged business men to keep a firm hold upon the two party machines. The normal superiority of Republicanism has made most men of wealth and most powerful corporations adherents of that party, so much so that the Democrats have utilised for electioneering purposes the pretence that their machine is a free instrument for the realisation of the popular will. The history of Mr. Cleveland's two Administrations and the general conduct of the party in Congress, however, give no real support to that interpretation. The utmost that could be said for the Democratic Party has been that its formal professions upon such issues as Tariff and Trusts have been somewhat more advanced, though hardly more practical than those of the Republicans.

The general accuracy of this diagnosis is borne out in the common cleavage seen in the two conventions. The real fight in America to-day is between the conservation of powerful vested interests and the struggling aspirations of a people nourished upon principles of freedom and of progress which they find themselves unable to realise in practice. Their federal constitution is utterly inadequate to the main purposes of modern government, the realisation of the popular will which it intended to provide has been nullified by the machine politicians, and all endeavors to curb these abuses have been frustrated. The clear perception of the truth that a fresh alignment of parties is needed to correspond with the fundamental needs of modern politics has been struggling into consciousness in the rank and file of both parties. The tactics of the politicians of both parties have consisted in attempts to suppress this truth, and to maintain the sham fight which furnishes their profession and their livelihood. Mr. Roosevelt has at least had the courage to set up the standard of revolt, failing to break the power of the "bosses" in his party. As we write, it remains uncer-

tain whether either Mr. Woodrow Wilson or Mr. Bryan, the two definitely radical leaders in Democracy, can secure a nomination which may command the undivided, though reluctant, allegiance of the Conservative wing at the poll in November. If Mr. Roosevelt's past record of achievement gave reason to suppose that he is in reality the Moses his followers proclaim him, we should regret a Democratic nomination which might diminish his chance of success. But, as matters actually stand, the nomination of an advanced and earnest Democrat, strong enough to bear down, and able enough to outwit, the obstructionists of his party, may be as likely to serve the early ends of progress as to place a new lease of power into the hands of the hottest-headed man who has ever undertaken the guidance of a great Republic. Whether such a name emerges from this week's voting at Baltimore, we wait to learn. Should the superior numbers which the preliminary voting for Chairman assigns to the Conservative wing of the party prevail in the ultimate nominations, the new party which Mr. Roosevelt's wild revolt has helped to constitute has before it a far brighter prospect of success than any of the numerous attempts at political reformation since the Civil War.

THE CHURCH AND THE LAW.

THE correspondence between the Primate and the Bishop of London on the Deceased Wife's Sister Act will, we hope, be read with care by those who may be curious to see how far the Anglican Church is disposed to go along the path on which Sir Edward Carson, the Duchess of Somerset, and other distinguished exponents of the fashionable doctrine of anarchy, have given her a lead. It is not necessary to suppose that any violent action is immediately suggested. The Church, like other institutions, is in the hands of politicians, and we have never found that ecclesiastical politicians differed in essentials from the secular variety. But it is interesting to see how far the theory of these managers of the Establishment is carrying them. The question was opened by the Bishop of London, who wrote to the Primate representing the "disquiet and alarm" felt by many Churchmen in regard to the decision of the House of Lords in the Banister case, and asking for "counsel" on behalf of these "anxious and even dismayed" souls. The Bishop of London does not say how many lay Churchmen are either "anxious" or "dismayed" because an intolerant priest is forbidden to put a vile stigma and the penalty of excommunication on two honorable Church-people, on the sole ground that they have contracted a marriage expressly authorised by the State. But the Primate is not the man to meet a gross demand with the stern and simple imperative which, in his best days, Archbishop Temple would have applied to it. He temporises with it, and in temporising reveals the abyss on the verge of which the Establishment is poised. He pleads with a show of truth that the Civil Courts, which have decided against Canon Thompson's plea to refuse Communion to Mr. and Mrs. Banister, and to brand them as open and notorious evil livers, had to do with a judgment in which the Ecclesiastical Court had already shown them the way. But he goes on to show that he either misunderstands the true

position, or that he lacks the courage to state it. He does not in form resist the finding of the House of Lords and the Court of Appeal, and, indeed, suggests, with timid indirectness, that he and the Lambeth Conference agree with it. But he does not feel himself strong enough to repel the lawless claim which lay at the back of Canon Thompson's action and of the support that it has received. So he throws a tub to the High Church whale, and declares the contention that it rests with Parliament and the Civil Courts—i.e., with the law of the land—to determine "the conditions of the admission of our members to Holy Communion" to be "untenable." Indeed, he discovers that "the most important thing to bear in mind" is that nothing has happened to impair the Church's rights, "through her own authorities and tribunals, to interpret her own rubrics and to regulate her own terms of Communion." And he concludes with the threat that it is in this spirit of Alsatia that the Church will resist any recommendations of the Divorce Commission of which she does not approve.

Now, on the general question, it is, we think, time to tell the Anglican Church plainly that her plight is precisely that of the toothless Pope in "Pilgrim's Progress." The Church's power of fixing on the nation burdens beyond what human nature can bear is gone and will never return, and we shall not have to organise a second Reformation in order to put down Dr. Davidson from the place where Leo X. once stood. She can separate herself from the general conscience of the community, or she can guide it. But she can neither loose nor bind. Still less can she assume a libertinism of judgment denied her by her close identification with the life of the State. What is the meaning of the Primate's statement that the Anglican Church can determine the conditions of admission to Communion? The Banister case shows that she possesses no such power, so long at least as she retains her connection with the State. The Dean of Arches could enforce no ecclesiastical law which was at variance with civil law, and in the Banister case he was called upon to interpret, not rubrics *quâ* rubrics, but their bearing on Acts of Parliament. Parliament is shown to have the power to enforce its view of the practice of the Church of England in regard to her communicants, and that power it would maintain if a hundred Archbishops said it nay. The position could not have been affected even if the Civil Courts and the Ecclesiastical Courts had combined to support Canon Thompson in his attempt to repel Mr. and Mrs. Banister from Communion. Such a result could only have meant that the section of the Act of 1907 on which Canon Thompson relied did in fact bear the interpretation he put upon it. His appeal, like that of Mr. and Mrs. Banister, was to Parliament, and the form of his procedure affirmed his knowledge that no judge in the land, civil or ecclesiastical, could give a clergyman power to act contrary to the evident sense of a statute. The Archbishop is playing, as usual, with words when he suggests an opposite conclusion. If he wants the liberty of intolerance, he can have it. The price is Disestablishment, and every honest High Churchman is, we believe, ready to pay it.

Life and Letters.

VICARIOUS TRAGEDY.

WHAT shall we do for lack of the tragic element in life? Moralists and men of letters, even a psychologist or two of the strenuous school of the late William James, are beginning to worry over this perhaps premature question. Some of them (like the princess in the fairy tale) are already collecting a handful of hard peas for our metaphoric mattresses of rose leaves. Others have set to counting up the few remaining slings and arrows wherewith, and despite our unheroic civilisation, outrageous fortune can still continue a while to wound and edify us. This anxiety about the undue diminution of life's tragedies has been conspicuous, especially in France, a country running naturally to sentimentality, and what itself calls *intellectualism*, and perhaps never more than during its fits of would-be cynical sternness and self-complacent obscurantism. Indeed, one wonders whether it may not have been the French *Intellectuel* substratum (revealed in almost Syndicalist anti-Parliamentarism, in Militarism, anti-Semitism, Catholic medievalism, and other *dernier cri* inversions of intellectualism) which recently inspired Mr. Belloc with an eloquent expression of satisfaction at the splendidly tragic drowning of those poor heroes in the submarine. Un-English? Well, if we scrutinise our own imaginative enjoyment of other folks' calamities (and the "Titanic" gives a superb object-lesson!) we may discover a Belloc in the most full-blooded and most illiterate of our countrymen. And as to the minority of Englishmen which happens to be literary, we can observe the same relish of life's tragedy in their most artistic spokesmen. It is deliberate and self-congratulatory among the group of novelists, delicate, robust, interesting, admirable, who have come to the fore with this twentieth century. They love the callow anarchy of adolescence, and its emotional inquisitiveness, that youthful appetite for "something thrilling," which makes Ibsen's Master Builder kill himself on the church steeple to humor the engaging Hilda Wangel. They have learned (however second-hand) from Nietzsche always to "say Yes to Life," particularly the Life which is rather written about than lived. For if tragedy remains aesthetically enjoyable, it can scarcely be very personally distressing; and if it is personally distressing it is very rarely aesthetically enjoyable; whence I deduce that the kind of tragedy most suited to aesthetic enjoyment is, take it all round, the tragedy of other people.

The finest craftsman among our latter-day English novelists, Mr. Arnold Bennett, has recently expressed this relish for vicarious tragedy in words possessing the quality which makes for immortality. This passage (and I doubt not it will become classic) occurs in his "Matador of the Five Towns." The writer has been taken for an evening motor spin by a local doctor, and, waiting for him, has spent the night in the back room of a public-house, kept by a famous football hero, whose wife, giving birth to twins, dies after many hours' agony. The news is brought to the husband, who has whiled away the night by quarrelling over a bet on the probable sex of the child:—

"As God is my witness," he exclaimed, solemnly, his voice saturated with feeling, "As God is my witness," he repeated, "I'll ne'er touch a footba' again."

Then, the curtain having dropped upon that terrible little scene, the writer resumes his seat in the doctor's car, and they return home in the solemn hideousness of a Sunday morning in that dull and squalid manufacturing district. And now, at the end of a magnificent description comes that classic and (as it seems to me) oddly significant passage:—

"I enjoyed all this. All this seemed to me to be fine, seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savor of life. I would have altered nothing in it. Mean, harsh, ugly, squalid, crude, barbaric—yes, but what an intoxicating sense in it of the organised vitality of a vast community unconscious of itself! I would have altered nothing even in the events of the night. I thought of the rooms at the top of the staircase of the

Foaming Quart—mysterious rooms which I had not seen and never should see, recondite rooms from which a soul had slipped away and into which two had come, scenes of anguish and of frustrated effort! Historical rooms, surely! And yet not a house in the hundreds of houses past which we slid but possessed rooms ennobled and made august by happenings exactly as impressive in their tremendous inexplicableness."

I read this passage first in the "Eye Witness," and cut it out, together with the reviewer's commentary,

"All this seemed to me to be fine, seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savor of life! That is precisely the sense of things which Mr. Arnold Bennett's books convey."

because it summed up my own impressions of other portions of Mr. Arnold Bennett's novels, and even of occasional touches in the work of such delightfully humane persons (humanely ingenious or humanely quixotic!) as Mr. Wells and Mr. Cunningham Graham. Also, I cut it out because it brought to a head my vague humiliation at being a poor humanitarian aesthete of the old school (which was Ruskin's), queasily unable to extract this intoxicating romantic savor out of sordid and dreadful realities.

Unable? Perhaps there was in me something more mawkish still, a shamefaced habit of resisting such intoxication, or washing it down with moralist's cold water. For, now I come to think of it, I can remember that three (or was it four?) years ago, just in the days when the earthquake news kept dribbling and then pouring in hour by hour (one became aware that thousands of creatures were slowly perishing, buried and broken, even while oneself ate, and talked, and slept)—well, I can remember how, precisely during those blank December days of earthquake horror, a certain poor friend of mine happened to die in hospital of a particularly cruel heart complaint. I had been to see her shortly before the end; and then I had followed her poor sheeted bier (all this took place in the happy-go-lucky, the ruthless South) along the icy corridors, the wind-swept yards of that medieval hospital, to a chapel, through a dreadful whitewashed room, smelling of something flatter than disinfectants, where human shapes showed under mortuary sheets. And I remember how these sights and scents, and the sound of the poor woman's agonised breathing, had mingled in my imagination with the tales of jollity and license between the medical students and the sluttish nurses, until my mind was filled with a revelation, a kind of Zola-ish allegoric vision, of horror and light-hearted lubricity, of happy-go-lucky life and forsaken death, symbolised by that leprous medieval building which pious persons had founded for the love of Christ. And at that moment I remember saying out loud to myself, "Good God, how terribly grand!" And while those words were forming, that physiologist, Karl Lange, joint-author of the theory that "the dog is pleased because he wags his tail," would have been able, with his bracelets and armlets, to get the record of a sudden joyous throb and tumult of my pulses. Indeed, without any laboratory appliances, a mirror, nay, the mere mirror of my own consciousness, would have told me that, like Mr. Arnold Bennett on a similar occasion, I was enjoying the romantic savor of tragedy like a drink of excellent wine. But I remember, also, how old-fashioned humanitarian scruples checked that generous pleasure at the first gulp. I even felt glad, in a way cleansed, by the feeling of utter lassitude and misery which followed. Also by the fact that, after an evening spent in such aching dullness, I casually opened a volume of verse—it was my friend Maurice Baring's "Proserpine"—and read it from end to end, with an odd inner repetition of the thought, "Now I know the real use of poetry and of art."

And after much pondering over what I have called (perhaps unjustly!) vicarious tragedy, I am now inclined to think that sentimental, humanitarian, dreadfully eighteenth-century, and essentially un-virile (for English writers are tired of the English word *manly*) though it may show one to be, it is better not to cultivate such capacity for vitalising tragic rapture, but rather let it atrophy. Schopenhauer has shown us contemplation as that which heals the wounds and

replenishes the strength of us poor mortals battered by the universal Will. And mystics of all schools have sought anesthesia or intoxication in the recognition that good and evil are all equally part of the day's work, if not of men and mice, at all events of the Great All. But such contemplative consolation is surely best applied to our own private woes, not to those of our less contemplative neighbors; and, as a humane philosopher, Mr. George Santayana, admonishes us, it is possible to push out cosmic acquiescent ecstasy occasionally too far.

Acute sensitiveness to the cruelty and sordidness of other men's fate and surroundings is, after all, a powerful instrument for diminishing, however little, the world's mass of evil and ugliness; it is more useful to rebel than to acquiesce in such things. Such being, as I think, the biological function and drawbacks of our sense of tragedy, it is as well to ask ourselves whether we are really improving life by extracting (through exquisite literary chemistry) the savor of romance out of its hopeless wasted agony. We feel, I doubt not, (besides the literary rapture, which is considerable) a pleasant courage in the initial overcoming of our own queasy sympathy, of our old-fashioned, long-cultivated aversion to the thought of others' suffering. But we latter-day literary mystics might profitably ask ourselves whether that "fine romantic savor of life" does not replace in our æsthetic times the simpler cordials employed by Molière's quietist:—

"Il reprit courage comme il faut:
Et, contre tous les maux fortifiant son âme,
Pour réparer le sang qu'avait perdu Madame,
But, à son déjeuner, quatre grands coups de vin."

"All this seemed to throw off the true, fine, romantic savor of life." Words in themselves romantic and fine, but perhaps not equally *true*. The savor is not that of Life, but of *Art*.

Has our palate grown blunt to the other fine savors, romantic also, which reality throws off? Or have our men of letters, for ever in search of some new recipe, perhaps forgotten the old-fashioned, the eternal and divine methods for extracting from life that essence which samples what life ought to become?

VERNON LEE.

THE SURVIVAL OF ORATORY.

A DISTINGUISHED author and politician, who has since attained a Ministerial rank which is much below his deserts, made a prediction some time ago on the development of political controversy, as dismal as it is probably mistaken. He was looking forward with complacency to a vast increase both in the numbers of the electorate and in the area of constituencies. Adult suffrage will more than double the one, and proportional representation will multiply the other by anything from four to seven. The candidate who to-day must undertake the task of persuading ten or fifteen thousand men in a compact borough or a segment of a county, will, in the future to which the advanced reformer is leading us, address an audience of hundreds of thousands of men and women voters. It is staggering to think of the whole adult population of Manchester or Glasgow as a single electorate, but the problem of dealing with the whole county of Northumberland or Lanarkshire is even more appalling. The article went on to dismiss the necessary change in political methods as inevitable and desirable. Electioneering, as we conduct it to-day, is an archaic survival. The printed page will replace the spoken word, and the candidate of the future will address his electors mainly through the leaflet and the newspaper. One conceives with difficulty the silent election of this forecast, inhuman, unsocial, and eminently reasonable. It is like the coming of an ice-age upon an earth of springs and summers. It means the disappearance of passion and loyalty. We are to conceive the streets deserted, the halls closed, the village-green abandoned to the goose, while even in the public-house the enlightened voter sits down with his spectacles and a glass of beer to study the rival pamphlets with which his pockets bulge. The candidate has dwindled to a printed signature, and

if personality is still a force, it is of the type which can emerge through the cold envelope of the printed page. One may suppress the hysteria and excitement of a public meeting and eliminate the devices of the sophistical orator. But the age of the golden silence would be dominated, like the past, by adroit folly and anti-social wealth. The syndicated newspaper would sway these hordes of voters whom no personality could reach, and subsidised pens would be what Bright and Gladstone were to our fathers.

It is a dismal picture, but we are convinced that probability is against it. The competition of the press against the platform is no new fact. It has been for more than a generation a phenomenon which interested politicians. In his preface to a rather original attempt to base the theory of public speaking on psychological principles, "The Art of the Orator," by Mr. Edgar R. Jones, M.P. (Black), Mr. Lloyd George reminds us of Mr. Gladstone's opinion. "I once heard Mr. Gladstone say," he writes, "that in a conflict between the platform and the press for the direction of public opinion in this country, an efficient platform would surely win." Every student of politics can adduce cases which go to confirm this view. Scotland has failed to maintain any Liberal paper which could pretend to compete in prestige and journalistic competence with the "Scotsman" and the "Glasgow Herald." For a generation these two papers have continued to preach, the one an acrid and extravagant Toryism, and the other a moderate Liberal-Unionism, to a nation which has remained as impregnable Liberal as before. Until recent years the "Manchester Guardian," incomparably the ablest daily newspaper in the kingdom, had a virtual monopoly of journalism in a Conservative Lancashire. The return of that county to progressive politics dates oddly enough from the appearance in Manchester of rivals which expound a totally different conception of politics. Lancashire did not follow the "Guardian" when it stood alone, and it has not followed the "Dispatch" and the "Mail" in spite of their commercial success. If the relative circulations of the London papers offered any clue to opinions of the country, we should have to conclude that in England at large Liberalism is in a permanent and hopeless minority. These facts seem to point to two conclusions. There are hundreds of thousands of men who choose their newspaper without any regard to its tone and opinions and party ties. There are still larger numbers who read no daily paper at all. The persistence of both these masses in their adherence to progressive politics may fairly be interpreted as a victory for the platform over the press.

No one who has watched a modern by-election in progress will wonder at the victory. Down the long main street through a summer evening orators harangue from a score of platforms. It is a competition in argument, a sifting of fact, a balancing of interests, a rivalry of personalities. Every phase and standpoint of opinion makes itself heard. The Tariff Reformer and the Free Trader draw their reasoning from the trade of the district. Even the average party hack catches something of the dialect of the place and learns to appeal to local sentiment. The suffragette gathers round her cart the worn faces of the women broken in the sweated industry peculiar to its slums and purlieus. As the plain man wanders from crowd to crowd, he hears everywhere among the frothy rhetoric, the perversions of fact, and the dogmatic half-truths, some one appeal which touches him in his daily life. An efficient platform is what the most efficient newspaper can never be—a means of translating the generalities of politics into terms which each locality and each section of the community can assimilate and understand. In the arts of emphasis and presentation the capable journalist need not fear the competition of the orator. A bold headline is worth a dramatic gesture, and print will always outpace the spoken word in the use of detailed facts and telling statistics. But journalism lags behind in the manipulation of its chorus. Follow your powerful article with a well-chosen assortment of approving letters, and still you miss the effect which the orator produces by raising a cheer. The orator does only half his own work of persuasion. It is the

collective sympathy, the general assent, the demonstrative or even acquiescent approval of his audience, which clinches and completes. The average man, none too consecutive in his thinking and none too sure of his own judgment, feels solitary in the presence of a page of print. He may be interested or amused, pleased or annoyed, by it. But it does not envelop and enchain him like the spoken word, which reaches him ratified and approved by the applause of a crowd. The printed word is a protestant appeal to the private judgment. The orator's argument reaches him not merely from a human voice and a human presence; it comes through the nerves and brains of his fellows about him.

One may doubt whether the recent developments of the daily press have tended to aggrandise its political influence in a degree at all commensurate with its increased circulation and commercial prosperity. It offers no personal influences comparable with those which a provincial editor, like Joseph Cowen, was able to wield in the old days. A man like Cowen, known to his fellow-townsmen, was able to wield, even when he wrote anonymously, something of an orator's power. His readers heard his voice in the lines he penned, and saw his personality behind the page he edited. But the machine-made thing telegraphed from London and printed at a distributing centre, with all its marvels of technical competence, suggests nothing human at its heart. One may doubt whether it will ever become a formidable competitor with the platform, until it adopts the French expedient of signed leading-articles which represent a temperament as well as a policy, and aim at a comment on the day's affairs more individual than the conventional party view. The most curious feature of its present position is the modesty of its political ambitions. With its gigantic circulation and all its power of daily suggestion, there is really no contemporary journalist in the daily press, with the single exception of Mr. Garvin, who attempts to use his position to initiate policies. The others are content to be the mouthpieces of statesmen, or else to follow the party stream with some habitual bias to the left or the right. The newspaper is content to be the sounding-board of the orator who has won his way by his personality and his power of speech to the ear of the country. One may question whether such an increase in the electorate and in electoral areas as the advanced reformer desires would greatly add to its real influence. The candidate or the Member of Parliament would count for a little less than he does at present. He would be for the mass of his voters nothing but a name on a ballot paper, which would personify a policy. But the few real orators who can sway great multitudes would find their power enhanced. Discussion by leaflet would still be the secondary thing it is to-day. Everywhere the living phrase coined by the orator and spoken to an applauding house would echo through the ears of men with a personal accent and a human appeal. At the street corners the rank and file of every organised opinion would continue to urge its claims in a competition in which temperament counts for more than logic, and sincerity for more than skill.

ON THE RAINBOW.

MAN seems to have instinctively regarded the rainbow as a sign of hope, a pledge and token of a peace returning after all wars, and of the abiding permanence of good. Noah, the builder of the ship and planter of the vine, first saw the rainbow. It belongs to him almost as much as the Ark does. Blake "entered into Noah's rainbow, and beheld the images of wonder there." We can imagine the delight with which, as the sun broke through upon the dripping world, and a rainbow of extraordinary magnificence appeared in its double perfection of form and color, it would be hailed as the gleaming symbol of man's hope and salvation. Silently, mysteriously, in one moment, there was made visible to man in a true symbol, which in some sort is what it represents, the completeness that is round his incompleteness, the rest round his unrest. To this day it is laid hold of by simple

people as a heart-calming, fear-dispelling token, a visible pledge from on high. Again and again we have heard the words from Genesis quoted, by a woman at a cottage door, by a railwayman in a signal box, as they saw the rainbow, simply and naturally, with great reverence, and a sort of sigh of relief at the sense given them of the security and order of the world. They look upon the bow in the cloud as a sort of invitation not to worry, and, as they see it, burdens fall from their shoulders. David felt this no doubt when he called it "the faithful witness in heaven."

It goes without saying that this delight, natural to man, innate in all unwarping human beings, has been most perfectly expressed in English literature by Wordsworth:—

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky;
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die;
The child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

But in that other poem he laments:—

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose. . . .
And yet I know where'er I go,
That there has passed away a glory from the earth."

It sometimes occurs to us to ask whether this statement is not true of the whole race. Is the rainbow to the modern child what it was to its forefathers? Does it occupy its mind in the same way? We are much inclined to doubt it. Dr. Neale says, for instance, in that perfect English of his, common words on which a sun shines,

"We all know how, when we were children, we used to think that if we could only get near enough to it, we might touch a rainbow, might grasp it; that it was something which might be taken hold of and handled."

The delight of the little Neale in the rainbow would no doubt be like that of the boy Wordsworth, of the boy Turner, or, perhaps, more Christian and less Pantheist than theirs, more akin to that of the old painters to whom it was pre-eminently a sacred symbol, as we see it painted round the Throne by Hans Memling at Bruges. Yet his feeling of wonderment, of speculation about it, his habit of weaving fancies round it, was the normal feeling and habit of all old-world children, indeed, of all old-world people. It is seen in such folk fancies as that at the rainbow's foot a crock of gold is to be found. If one could traverse in a moment green meadow and dark forest and distant city and snowy peak and reach the sacred spot, one would find the magic happy-making gold. But it is the gold man never does find on earth. Such common sayings as "all the colors of the rainbow" show the old occupation with it. It is doubtless as the symbol of perfection that the sacred writer places it "round about the Throne," and so in the pictures of the Judgment on the chancel arch of mediæval village churches it was upon the rainbow that the Judge sat. The hopelessness of the last times was expressed by the popular tradition that no rainbow would be seen in heaven for thirty years before the Day of Doom. With the passing away of its sacred imagery and legend, the old delight in it and wonder at it did not pass away, and, one believes, still found a special home in the hearts of children.

One asks if this delight and wonder still holds its own amid all our modern changes, and if the coming of machinery has not turned the child's eyes from gazing up into heaven and fixed them fast to the mechanisms and shop-windows of earth. It was recently our lot to overtake a little village girl and proceed with her on the way to church. We pointed out to her the radiant arc that spanned the stormy sky. She did not raise her eyes. "I got two muffs," she shrilled, in a high, piping voice. We unobtrusively but firmly persisted, and she remarked, with some asperity, doubtless annoyed at the interruption of the train of her meditations on her wardrobe, "I seen lots o' them things." "I got two muffs," she repeated, emphatically. "Mum's cleaned

one." By the way, the old delightful children's pastime of blowing bubbles, that simple iridescent pleasure, seems altogether to have died out. For more years than he likes to remember, the writer has only seen two children doing it, a little boy sitting contentedly with pipe and soapsuds on the floor in a barber's shop in Brittany, and a little girl in a crooked street of the Jews' quarter at Amsterdam. Our children, one fears, are too educated, too up-to-date, too grown-up, to care for blowing bubbles.

To some, jaded and wearied by the noise and hustle and ugliness of the age of machinery, the rainbow seems the very symbol of all simple, natural, unmechanical things. There is a special refreshment in its noiselessness. How delightful its names are—"the bow in the cloud," "l'arc en ciel." The French word, when one sees it on the printed page, calls up the seven colors at once. The Russian name, if we are not mistaken (we are open to correction—we speak with diffidence about this), means "the joyful bow," or, possibly, "the bow of Paradise."

Fortified with the knowledge that, after all, it is nothing but colorless water and indifferent to sacred or mythological lore, the children now growing up will probably not be moved by the sight of the bow in heaven to make the traditional reflection one has heard so often from their elders. Dante heard it from the people in his day. He says of rainbows:—

"E fanno qui la gente esser presaga
Per lo patto che Dio con Noè pose."
(Par. xii., 16.)

One fears that in no long time the story of the Flood may be to the masses of our people even as the mythology of Iris. When the old Scottish poet spoke of

"Iris in her crystal gown,"

he said something that the whole people would understand and delight in. What a lovely image it is, the radiant bow shining through the crystal shower! Dante, by the way, compares the reflection of one rainbow from another to an echo, and alludes to the mythological story. Could Olympian goddess desire two fairer handmaids than Iris and Echo?

Amid these fair humanities one must not forget the form taken by the final Vision in the Paradise:—

"Nella profonda e clara sussistenza,
Dell' alto lume parvemi tre giri,
Di tre colori e una continenza,
E l'un dall' altra come Iri da Iri,
Parea riflesso, e il terzo parea fuoco,
Che quinci e quindi egualmente si spira."
(Par. xxxiii., 115-120.)

Macaulay says that it is "difficult to read without a pitying smile" that this same Mystery was revealed to Ignatius Loyola "under magnificent symbols." We have sometimes wondered what they were. Perhaps the passage quoted above supplies an answer to the question.

Simple people have always seen in the rainbow an assurance of the re-emergence of order from chaos. It is the proof of the sun behind clouds, the verification of their favorite proverb that "every cloud has a silver lining." Humor is a sort of rainbow, an iridescence created by a sun of kindness shining on the limited and the grotesque. The scene from which some fragment of a rainbow comes is often wild enough. On one of those late tempestuous days when March came in like a lion, we saw high up against a grey church tower, lighted white against its background of dark cloud by one pale glint of sun, the multitudinous snow, rain, and hail, whirling and driving, high up, high up in the great space of air. The gloom and wildness was that of a scene of Dante. But the token came forth—a broken bit of iris—and it was the sun that had the last word.

We remember seeing a lovely and perfect rainbow, not in such a scene of storm, but one still, sweet July evening. After a long day of sunshine, a summer shower fell on the fields where haymakers were at work. We strolled out of our cottage into a garden where the first sweet peas were in flower, and saw all the summer landscape framed by the bow in the sky. One may well think that no other sight or sound of Nature—not the first snowdrop springing out of the dark earth, not the first skylark singing in grey skies—can cause such an exaltation of the heart as that colored *Sursum Corda*.

ADAM IN THE GARDEN.

If every man may make his own reading of the Story of the Fall, we should think that the gardener's might be that, in too eager pursuit of abstract knowledge, the garden was neglected. The fruit trees perished, and the secret of grafting with them, and, until it could be regained, the curse was:—"Thorns also and thistles shall the ground bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field." In "Adam Cast Forth," Mr. Charles Doughty sits as it were on two stools when he writes of Adam's gardening in the wilderness:—

"To fashion me a mattock. I therewith;
(The pattern saw I, in my dream to-night),
Shall hew a plot nigh our cliff-lodge."

and only two lines later:—

"My hands shall sow then barley and wheat; and pulse
Cast in our broken glebe; like as I wont
Plant my seed-pans in EDEN, the LORD'S GARDEN."

If Adam gardened in Eden, he cannot have been entirely a lost man in the wilderness. He would know the wild prototypes when he saw them, and the methods by which they could be wrought into the beans and turnips and figs and bananas that he had once seen, or whose pattern had come to him in a dream. The truly lost person in a garden is the city-bred man, whom love drives not out of, but into, Paradise, without any knowledge of how Paradise is established or maintained. We know a flat-dweller who has recently gone into a house with a garden, and who literally does not know a thistle from a lettuce. If such a man had been able to consult Mrs. C. W. Earle and Miss Ethel Case, he would have asked some questions still more elementary than those they report. They are questions not hitherto answered in the biggest of gardening books, and still less we should think to be answered in the little "Gardening for the Ignorant" that those ladies have just published (Macmillan). They tell us how to grow mushrooms, how to make a water-cress bed under a dripping tap, how to be brutal enough in the pruning of the roses, when to divide hepatica, or strike lilac, and hundreds of wrinkles for the learned gardener. But the truly ignorant man is not advanced by a single step upon the royal road.

Of course, there is no royal road. We can only learn by digging clay in wet weather that the soil has its humors that must be obeyed, and by sowing too thickly that a multitude of seedlings may starve where a few would grow splendidly. It must take years of partial failure to produce a garden that shall have the best floral display for each month, or a varied dish of vegetables for every day in the year. In July there is likely to be an orgy of blossom and a glut of beans and peas, in May a wealth of cabbages bolting into unprofitable blossom, but the middle seasons are likely to be very fat times for the greengrocer and florist. Mrs. Earle tells us how to have blossom in January and sea-kale in winter, but she does more for us in laying down rules of prudence and observation that enable us to work out our own salvation. In April, she says, "Note how your garden compares with other people's gardens, mark in a book what is missing, so as to plant next autumn or sow in May." There follows a short list of the flowers that should now be making the garden "gay and sweet." Yet Adam must find out for himself in another chapter or another book when to plant the Pulmonaria that he now covets, or how to make fritillaries dance in his flower-beds. The seeds of biennials that flower so early he will, of course, buy at once and plant in May, but later in the year he will covet still more exquisite things, the sowing-time for which has gone by, and which he cannot therefore have in blossom until two more summers have come. Another method throws the burden on the nurseryman. When the lilac is in flower we "order at once what is necessary, and the nurseryman will keep a note, and send the plant when it is time to put it in." Meanwhile, what if we have not kept a note, too, but have filled up the place with something else?

The secret of many a successful flower-border is the reserve garden. Here our phloxes, chrysanthemums, and spiraeas stand through their vegetable stages, and are moved out into the firing-line when the time of blossom

draws near. Here, too, the wallflowers and polyanthus grow from their seeds in May to bring their welcome verdure to a more honored place about Christmas, and open their floral treasures in April. It may be that flower and kitchen-garden are cheek-by-jowl in this reserve camp. Mrs. Earle insists that we should put variegated kale into the flower-garden, "they make such a splendid splash of color from November to April, when they finish up with a triumphal burst of lovely yellow flowers." For our part we think that the seed-bed plan should be far more extensively used than it is, especially as a means of filling every gap in the kitchen-garden. Many crops are ruined in the open garden by sowing before a proper seed-bed has been obtained, and by starting the seedlings only on a level with the weeds. We might gain a fortnight's cultivation by planting nearly all our seeds in a specially sheltered bed or in boxes under cover, and then pricking them out in land cleared of convolvulus, and having no shepherd's purse or sow-thistle to run neck and neck with them. Adam must find out for himself which plantlings are suited to this treatment. Some, such as scarlet-runners and lettuces, all the books tell him about, beet is one that they never mention, though it is one that transplants very well, and it raises the question of many others usually deemed impossible.

The book we are noticing has a chapter for every month, the simplest plan, says Mrs. Earle, "but there is no magic in it." "The chief occupation of the amateur is to learn the right moment for doing everything." Another excellent gardening book, Mr. Basil Hargrave's "A Year's Gardening" (Werner Laurie), attempts to find that right moment by giving a task for every day in the year, nay, three tasks, one for the greenhouse and frames, one for the vegetable-and-fruit-garden, and one for the flower-garden. Thus, on August 4th, we catch wasps and flies, and on August 5th we look out for snails. It is unnecessary to say that we also destroy snails and kill queen wasps much earlier in the year. There is never a wrong moment for these things. And there never seems to be, according to Mr. Hargrave, a wrong moment for sowing seeds. On January 2nd he is sowing kidney beans in pots, and on December 14th he is sowing early long-pod broad beans in a warm and sheltered position. As a wise man tells the writer, seeds are cheap enough, and if any sowing fails you can replace it with another. There is a row in the garden where a whole packet of lettuce-seed went down on one day. They have raised a solid green hedge of plants so close together that they tend to ferment like ensilage. Mrs. Earle cuts such a crop down in swathes, and eats it as though it were mustard and cress. But it is plain that the same packet of seed sowed often and thinly would have given far better supplies of salad.

Mr. Hargrave gives us a strenuous year. In July there is much sowing of endive, lettuce, radish, greens, turnips, onion, carrot, and in the flower-garden mignonette, perennial lobelia, and other things. The last four days are devoted to weeding and preparing the ground for new crops. For three months to come there is almost as much sowing as reaping. Our guide seems to read into the whole year the precept of Ecclesiastes, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." If the years were constant, there would be a day for everything as there is by tradition for the growing of shallots:—"Plant on the shortest day, and pull on the longest." Mr. Hargrave observes neither of these dates, for he "sows" them in February, and takes them up in July. Mrs. Earle believes in the good old rule, but the printer spoils her message by putting, "Dig up the potatoes, onions, and shallots" instead of "potato-onions and shallots." What a disastrous book for the truly ignorant if it led to the digging up of the whole potato crop at the end of June!

If there is no magic in the division of the horticultural year into months, there is at any rate utility in it. One firm of seedsmen at least publishes a monthly list of things to be planted, while another prints on its

seed-packets not only the month of sowing but the month of harvest. As they are penny packets, the amateur gets for two or three shillings not only seeds for as many experimental patches as a moderate garden can accommodate, but virtually a gardening book into the bargain. He has at any rate the beginning of experience, and this no book can replace.

Short Studies.

TO MY GIRL FRIEND

WHO IS JUST ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

... EVERYONE here, naturally enough, is talking of your engagement, and I think everyone is pleased, though personally I find it very difficult to discover people's real feelings in the matter. You see, I am popularly supposed to have been terribly in love with you myself, and people discuss you before me with great reserve and bated breath, as they would a dead friend. I am sorry for this, as it shows me that to some extent we have lived in vain, though nothing can really shake my belief that, even if we have influenced no one but each other, our friendship has been amply justified. And one can't live without influencing others; it's impossible.

Do you remember how we used to take a delight in imagining ourselves to be rather unusual people, how we always thought we did and felt what nobody in the whole wide world had ever done and felt before? I don't like to feel that now, because I am sure we had no justification for our imaginings, the world being as old as it is. I should be sorry to think you were the first girl to give a man your friendship on condition that he never made love to you, because it would be sad if nobody before had ever experienced a friendship on these conditions.

I can see you now as you pronounced your edict, your eyes searching my face to see whether I took you seriously, more than half hoping I would, and yet quite resolved to dismiss me on the spot at the first sign of levity, and I shall always be proud that I stood the test and took you at your word. Your quick intuition knew long before mine that we were not destined for one another, and you were brave enough to snatch at once at our best chance of being of use to each other. Since that night many things have happened, but never, I think, have we made any attempt to analyse our position to one another, though in the first few weeks there were wild letters to and fro, as there might be between two rival captains, drawing up the rules under which they should play some great game at short notice.

As I look back on the last few years, there are some things which stand out clearly as "Rules of the Game," and others which might almost be termed "Bye-laws," or "Conventions." First and foremost, among the former there is the "Treaty," the one great postulate, without which negotiations could go no further. Was it much to ask? You were twenty, so was I. You were attractive, as only a girl of twenty can be, certain to be sought after by men anxious to marry, and misunderstandings at home had made you inclined to leave it rather than stay there. I was just at the beginning of my career, deep in it, ambitious, and penniless. Every reason why you should marry and I should not. Yet you were not engaged, and for me friendship was a necessity, and love to be avoided. No one man had stronger vested rights in you than another. Add to that many tastes in common, many ideals shared, and a keen interest on both sides in human beings and their ways, and it is not difficult to see why we decided to forego the ephemeral excitement of a common flirtation in favor of a relation based on mutual respect, not contempt.

And so it began, and then there were the rules to settle. Now the very essence of the whole thing is to avoid self-consciousness, and so the fewer the rules the better. At this moment I can scarcely remember any; it was always more a question of attitude than of fixed

procedure. The guiding principle underlying "attitude" was that our behavior should be the same in private as in public, so that we welcomed solitude only because it gave us the opportunity of discussing more intimate subjects than we could approach in public. With this principle to guide us, we could spend whole days wandering London together, with no feeling of constraint, in the absolute assurance that neither would take liberties with the other. If it were a breach of contract for me to make love to you, the opposite held good too, and any advances on your side were contrary to the rules of the game. In our letters to one another, we always obeyed the principle that, whatever we might say face to face in the heat of argument, we never deliberately wrote anything that was capable of misconstruction. You will, I think, agree that this is an essential of a successful correspondence, as its non-observance leads to much anxiety, and it is not fair to leave a friend with a letter, and no possibility of clearing up doubts on it for hours, and sometimes days. The rigidity of some of the rules did not prevent a great tenderness and consideration for one another's feelings from springing up.

And if the standard of behavior was jealously guarded and hedged round, no limits were put on the range of the topics of conversation. What did we not discuss? Nothing that comes within the horizon of the average intelligence of twenty was left out, and at twenty there is plenty to think, and to say, and to feel. Everything strikes one in such a fresh way, and the larger significances of hitherto apparently small things appear, and through it all is the joy of seeing and thinking and feeling with another soul which understands, if it does not always agree. Those arguments, too, protracted until we almost always found that we were trying to express the same idea in different ways, and the pleasure in finding that we agreed, after all. The excitement of some apparently new discovery, new to us, at least; its entry into the horizon of one of us, and the thrill of imparting it to the other, or of receiving it oneself.

Those were great times, and not for anything would I have missed them. They taught me how to treat a woman as an equal, as something neither superior nor inferior. They taught me to forget sex in the personality of another, to sustain a relationship in which sex had no share, and yet which had added charm because of the different outlook of the other person. They taught me something of the woman's point of view, something as to man's place on her horizon, and something of the ideals she is striving for apart from man. And they helped me to formulate my own ideals and ambitions. You would not accept them as shapeless masses, and my efforts to present them worthily to you brought into clear relief what I really thought.

Perhaps you gained something, too; you must have, because no friendship worthy of the name can be all giving or all taking. If I could think that I helped you to realise the existence of a body of young men of the present day, eager for sex equality, full of high ideals for themselves in relation to women, keen to discover more and more bonds to draw the sexes together, and striving every day to break down the worthless conventions that at present help to keep them apart, it would be something to have done.

Our mutual friend cannot understand all this, and in her mind you are for ever dead to me, and I to you. She can only see you sailing away towards happiness in the arms of another man, leaving me rejected, yet apparently undismayed, behind you, and her soul marvels. But if she could see into the heart of me, she would see that I rejoice because your lover has come to you so soon, and is worthy of you, and because I have played some part, if only a small one, in making you worthy of him. Our friendship will always endure, because together we have struck a blow for a better understanding between the sexes. And some day you will be able to rejoice in my great love, and will know that your own share in the making of it is a large one, and dates from that night when you fearlessly proposed a treaty to me which made us face the world as allies, not as antagonists.

G.

Letters from Abroad.

THE POPULATION PROBLEM IN FRANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Although the official report of the quinquennial census of France, taken on March 5th, 1911, was published some time ago in the "Journal Officiel," it is not too late to note some of the conclusions to be drawn from the figures.

The population of France at the date of the census was 39,252,267, an increase of only 349,242 on the population of 1906. This increase is slightly larger than that between 1901 and 1906 (290,300), and smaller than that between 1896 and 1901 (443,970). The smallest fluctuation in the population was between 1886 and 1891, when it increased by only 124,289; between 1891 and 1896 the increase was 174,783. Although, therefore, the population of France increases very slowly, it is not the fact that the increase has been steadily diminishing during recent years; on the contrary, there has been a slight improvement since 1896. During the fifteen years, 1881-1896, the population increased by 845,927; during the subsequent fifteen years, 1896-1911, it increased by 1,083,534. On the other hand, the increase during the nine years, 1872-1881, was 1,569,127. To sum up, the birth-rate declined at each successive census from 1881 to 1891, when a slight upward tendency began, which was very marked from 1896 to 1901, when the increase was not much less than that of 1881-1886. From 1901 to 1906 it again declined, though without reaching the low level of 1886-1896, and since 1906 it has again slightly risen. It must not, however, be forgotten that the death-rate declines steadily.

One conclusion which must be drawn from these facts is that the decline in the birth-rate cannot be attributed, as it often is, to secular education. It was already marked in the period 1881-1886, and reached its lowest level during the five years beginning in 1886, only four years after the secularisation of the national schools; by the time that the pupils educated in the secular schools became old enough to become parents, the birth-rate began to rise again. The Church was much stronger in 1886-1896 than in 1901-1911, and there were far more practising Catholics in France in the former of these two decades. Indeed, the early 'nineties were the years of a Catholic revival, and saw the Clerical and Nationalist movements which nearly wrecked the Republic. I do not draw the conclusion that clericalism causes a falling birth-rate, or that secular education has the opposite result. I believe that these factors have nothing to do with the matter one way or the other, and that the cause of the decline in the birth-rate is purely economic.

Although, as has been said, the total increase during 1906-1911 was greater than that during 1901-1906, the number of departments in which there was an increase was smaller during the last five years. In the period 1901-1906 there was an increase in thirty-two of the eighty-seven departments; during 1906-1911 only twenty-three departments showed an increase. It is, no doubt, a grave fact that, in more than two-thirds of the departments, the population actually diminished during the last quinquennial period. It is often asserted that the population increases in those parts of France where the Church still retains a strong hold on the people, but that assertion is not supported by the figures. The North and West, especially the latter, are the most Catholic parts of France. It is true that there was a considerable increase (65,919) in the department of the Nord, but this has a large urban and industrial population. There was also a considerable increase (14,668) in Finistère, but of this Brest alone accounts for 5,246, and, moreover, Finistère is the least religious department of Brittany. The purely or mainly rural departments of the West: Calvados, Manche, Orme, Eure,

Côtes-du-Nord, Ille-et-Vilaine, the Vendée, have all declined in population, like the rural departments elsewhere, though to a smaller extent than some. In Calvados and Ille-et-Vilaine the decrease has taken place, in spite of a considerable increase in the populations of Caen and Rennes respectively. Besides Finistère, two Breton departments show an increase, Morbihan and Loire-Inférieure; in the former case half the increase is due to the town of Lorient, in the latter case the increase is far more than accounted for by the towns of Nantes and Saint-Nazaire, whose population has increased by 8,627 and 2,505 respectively, whereas the population of the whole department shows an increase of only 3,172. The rural districts of Loire-Inférieure have, therefore, declined in proportion, like the rural districts of France as a whole.

For that is the chief conclusion to be drawn from the figures of the census, that the exodus from the country to the town continues and increases. While the whole population of France has increased by 349,242, the total population of the towns of more than 30,000 inhabitants has increased by 475,442, more than twice as much as its increase during 1901-1906. The increase in the department of the Seine alone (305,424) is almost equal to that of the whole population of France; and the department of the Seine consists of Paris and its suburbs. Even if towns of less than 30,000 inhabitants are included in the rural districts (as is hardly reasonable), those districts have lost 126,200 inhabitants since 1906. Every department in which the population has increased contains at least one town of more than 30,000 inhabitants, and in only six towns of that size has there been a decrease in population. The loss to the rural districts has, in fact, been greater than appears. For instance, in the department of the Nord the increase in population was 65,919; the department contains six towns of more than 30,000 inhabitants, which together account for 21,562 of the total increase. But the department also contains large urban and industrial districts, divided into smaller communes, and its rural districts have decreased in population.

This means that peasant proprietorship does not keep the people on the land. I have, on former occasions, pointed out why that is the case. The life of the sons and daughters of a small farmer owning his land is often so intolerable that they will not endure it any longer. They are worked harder and often treated worse than an English agricultural laborer; if they stay on the land they may eventually save money, but only at the cost of a life of grinding toil, devoid not merely of pleasures but often of ordinary comforts. They prefer to try their fortunes in the towns, and they are doing so in ever-increasing numbers. Even the daughters prefer domestic service or shop life to the slavery to which their own parents submit them.

As for the dangerously small increase of the French population, there can be no doubt that it is chiefly due to voluntary restriction. Its cause is economic, and it is unjust to accuse the majority of French parents of selfishness. One may rightly blame well-to-do people who could easily afford to educate and provide for four children, but refuse to have more than two or, perhaps, even one. But such people are in a minority in every country. The others limit their families because they wish their children to have as good an opportunity as they can give them of leading a tolerable life. They prefer to have one or two children whom they can educate and bring up decently, rather than four whom, perhaps, they could not even feed sufficiently. And the parents who limit their families are the most provident, the most sober, and in every way the best. It is probable that the decline in the rural population of the West and North is due chiefly to immigration into the towns, and that the families in those districts are still larger than in most parts of France. But the West and North are not only the most Catholic, but also the most drunken, districts of France, and it is to be feared that the latter fact has at least as much to do with the matter as the former. Alcoholism in France is, unfortunately, on the increase, and there is too much reason

to believe that it alone saves France from a quite stagnant or even a diminishing population.

A danger due to economic causes can be met only by economic remedies. It is useless to preach to a Parisian workman or small *bourgeois*, who can hardly bring up two children decently, to say nothing of the difficulty of housing them, that it is his duty to the community to have four. He knows in the first place that, if he has four children, he will probably find it impossible to find a home, not merely because he cannot pay the rent of one large enough for such a family, but also because Parisian landlords refuse to let at all to people (other than those who can afford expensive flats) with more than two children, and often make a rule that no children at all are allowed. Even if this difficulty could be overcome (as it cannot be except by expropriating the landlords), the fact would remain that a wage which may just provide necessities for three or four people will not give six enough food and clothes.

The population question is already a grave one in France, and will soon be in every civilised country. But it is mere hypocrisy to groan over it unless one is prepared for the drastic economic changes (involving also moral ones) which alone can solve the problem. And it is waste of breath to declaim against the limitation of families. Civilised and intelligent people will never again consent to leave to haphazard so important a matter as the bringing of children into the world. But, in present economic conditions, the majority of people are not in a position to bring into the world as many children as are necessary to the community.—Yours, &c.,
R. E. D.

Paris, June, 1912.

Communications.

LIBERALISM IN THE VILLAGE.

V.—THE FUTURE.

ONE Act of the Liberal Government I have not yet mentioned, for it is not actually in operation, and the results of its working cannot therefore yet be known—I mean the Insurance Act.

At the present moment the Act is not understood in the villages of England. The laborer realises that he will be called upon to pay his contribution, but he has not yet clearly seen the benefits that will accrue. Such understanding will soon come, however, when once the Act is in operation.

Its effects upon the physical welfare of the laborer will, I am convinced, be most beneficial. At the present time, so scanty is the laborer's wage, that he cannot afford to remain away from work unless under the direst of necessities. He toils when he is physically unfit for work, and the result is often serious illness and a much earlier old age.

The waste amongst our laborers from this cause is very great; the physique of the village is being seriously undermined.

The benefits of the Act will obviate the need for this physical strain; the wastage will be largely stopped. Both the State and the laborer will greatly gain.

The Act will further improve the Laborer's home; for the provision that local authorities shall be penalised if an excess of sickness is proved to be due to bad housing conditions in the district will stimulate local bodies to see that the Health and Housing Acts are properly administered; whilst certain moneys from the Insurance fund will later be available for building purposes.

Two or three years of administration have already shown us the flaws that exist in the Housing Act and the Small Holdings Act. Let us consider what they are.

The weakness of the Housing Act lies in the fact that under its provisions cottages cannot be built to supply more than a very small portion of our village laborers with decent homes. The cost of erection will not permit of a less rental than 4s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. a week; and this rent is far beyond the reach of a large proportion of the purely agricultural laborers.

I have shown that in an isolated case the Act has done

something for the villages by easing congestion and raising the standard of independence. But it will not solve the Housing question, which is the most important rural problem that now confronts us. Further legislation is most urgently required. The Small Holdings Act has been successful in many places; but its success has not been all that could be wished.

I have shown with what good results we have worked the Act in my own village; and I have also shown that we are working it on a co-operative basis. It is in co-operation that the future of small holdings lies. You will find throughout the country men planted on little plots of ten to thirty acres, perhaps miles from a railway station or a town. Such men are doomed to failure; for such a holding, unless under exceptional circumstances, is not an economic unit of itself. It is for this reason that we continually hear of small holders leaving their land and going away because they cannot make it pay.

This is seldom the case with the large farm. Never do I hear of a vacant farm for miles around.

The small holder must be able to enjoy the advantages of the large farmer; to buy and sell in bulk, to make it worth his while to keep the teams and instruments of husbandry for use upon the farm.

To effect this purpose the small holders in every area must co-operate to work their holdings; and if this were done, I believe a great future would be opened up before the small holder.

But if things go on as they are to-day, if no system of co-operation be introduced for collective working, I am quite convinced that there is no hope for any extended system of small holdings in this country. Moreover, to be effective, such a scheme must be instituted and instructed by the Board of Agriculture itself; local and spasmodic efforts will be in vain.

Liberalism has done so much for the village in the last six years that I am most anxious it should not fail to reach a splendid consummation by neglect to finish effectively the work already so well begun.

Six years is but a flash in the flight of time; yet in six years of Liberal Administration, hope and life and light have been brought into our village, which for twenty years of Tory Administration lay in a stagnant pool of helplessness.

Once the spirit of independence, of hope for better things, has been born in the heart of the laborer, as it is to-day, it must not be allowed to die; and if the next six years are as fruitful as those that have just passed away, we need have little fear for his future.

HUGH ARONSON.

Letters to the Editor.

CHINESE OPINIONS OF THE LOAN.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Early last week the papers published a Consular message from the province of Szechuan to the effect that a situation dangerous to foreigners had arisen, owing to the strong feeling against the proposed loan. The message concluded by saying that unless vigorous action is taken by the Central Government at Peking the lives of foreigners will be in greater danger than last autumn.

Your readers will remember that the original outbreak in Szechuan was almost entirely due to the feeling that was aroused by the loan negotiated by the Manchu Government for the purposes of the Szechuan Railway, but that the movement was eventually merged in the general revolution. The opposition to raising money abroad is still very keen, and recent letters tell of attacks on and murders of Chinese Christians, and destruction of Mission property in several places in the north of the province. In these cities there is at present no resident foreign missionary, and the ill-will of the people has been manifested against those most closely connected with the foreigner.

This feeling is by no means confined to the Western province. The Minister of Finance, Hsiung Hsi Ling, has been inundated with messages from inland places protesting against the loan now being arranged, and Huang Hsing,

Governor and General-in-Command of the Forces at Nanking, has telegraphed his disapproval at great length. He maintains that the republic is being given up in exchange for the paltry sum of 3,000,000 taels, and describes the attitude of the Cabinet as "drinking poison to quench thirst," mentioning ominously the outcome for Egypt of exterior financial control.

In many quarters it is maintained that China is capable of raising all the money she requires, and we are told by our Chinese friends that huge sums have already been subscribed by wealthy men in all the provinces, but as far as can be ascertained the total amount obtained is far short of 10,000,000 taels, and the Finance Minister says he needs 7,000,000 taels per month for the payment of soldiers alone, and the budget made out by the Premier, T'ang Shao Yi, in February, stated that the smallest amount which would suffice for the needs of the country for the remainder of the present year was more than 200,000,000 taels.

Two things are certain (1) that the country is in dire need of money. (Even the officials who are readiest in their criticism of the loan are urgently demanding funds to carry on the government of their districts.)

(2) That there is great opposition to any form of foreign loan. Let us see who are the chief opponents of the policy of the Peking Cabinet.

First of all, there are some fairly moderate men whose objection is not so much to a foreign loan, so long as the money is given over to the Chinese to use as they think best. What they object to is supervision of any kind. They know that the money which was borrowed by the Manchu Government was largely wasted, but they claim that the men now in power can be trusted to use their funds honestly and for the true benefit of the country. The bankers feel they have not sufficient evidence of the honesty and good faith of the present Government to give them the free hand asked for, and they demand some guarantee that the money borrowed shall go into the quarter for which it is intended; they propose that the spending of the funds shall be supervised by the Commissioners of Customs, who, though foreigners, are really in the employ of the Chinese Government.

Secondly, there are the students and the military class, who are constantly crying out that China is wealthy enough to subscribe all that is needed. These men have little or no money themselves, and they are continually putting pressure on the wealthy merchants to get funds from them. When the City of Chungking went over to the Republic, many of the chief Chinese merchants came down to Shanghai in order to escape being fleeced by the young men who had taken over the management of the district.

Thirdly, there are the common people, especially the more ignorant, who in times of hardship are easily roused by the cry that their country is being sold to the foreigner.

It is noteworthy that the opposition consists almost entirely of those who have had no education beyond the confines of their own country, or at most have spent a year or two in Japan. The men who have had an American, German, or English University education are nearly all convinced that China needs foreign money and cannot do without it, for a time at least. There are not wanting Chinese who advocate in the press the employment temporarily of foreigners as heads of departments, to train up men to take their places as soon as they shall be competent to do so. Others, while not going so far as this, would suggest the appointment of a foreigner as adviser to each department, with no executive power. All through this revolution there has been manifested a willingness to consult the foreigners, but it is realised that advice is a vastly different thing from control.

It is not only the "outside-educated" men who are in favor of the foreign loan, but the majority of the merchants, especially those who have a big trade with Japan, America, and Europe, realise the advantages of properly supervised and honestly administered finances. Many of these bear a grudge against the young men who are in command of things in the interior. They resent the suggestion that they (the merchants) should invest all they possess in Government bonds in order to keep the foreigner out. They have most of them given largely of their wealth, without expecting any return for their gifts, and now they find their wealth magnified several times so as to make people think they still can afford to give more. The writer has heard more than

one man of this class talk very scathingly of the present provincial officials, quoting the saying of Confucius that "in order to govern the State it is necessary first to regulate one's own household," meaning, of course, that these men were not old enough to have families, and had therefore better leave the government of the State to older men. There is no question that if the young men in the beginning had been willing to avail themselves of the experience of the older merchants, instead of asking them only for money, the Republic would have been in a much more flourishing state in the interior.

The Central Government is doing its best to supersede these young and inexperienced officials by more capable men, but it finds it very difficult to persuade anyone to go to the more distant places, particularly to Szechuan. Four men in succession have been deputed as governors of that province, but so far all have pleaded illness, which is hardly surprising when the fate of the former officials is remembered.

The danger you foresaw in your article in February on the Chinese Republic is by no means passed, and we may yet see several separate Governments established, for it is still felt by the Szechuanese and Cantonese that Peking is impossible as the capital of this great country.

A plot to establish a Chinese monarchy was discovered only just in time at Soochow, and there is a strong anti-Republican feeling in Wuchang and the North.

The settlement of the loan question is still the most urgent need, and the present uncertainty is just the kind of atmosphere to breed discontent, and until some decision is arrived at there is little hope of a peaceful China. Provided with funds, the present Government might soon put their house in order.

It is remarkable how little trade has really suffered. Steamers are still running full cargoes between Shanghai and the river and coast ports; most of the shipping firms have as much freight as they can cope with, and additional steamers are being built. Here is another evidence of the ability of the merchant class, who, just because they have not had a certain type of education, are regarded as quite unfit to govern.—Yours, &c.,

GUTHLAC.

Shanghai, June 10th, 1912.

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC IN CHINA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The present situation between China and Great Britain with regard to the Opium question demands serious attention—it is bad in itself, and it threatens worse consequences in the immediate future.

The relaxation of political order in China has revived the operation, both of the impulse to indulgence in a demoralising practice, of which the higher sentiment of the people is ashamed, and of the endeavors to make profit from the growth and sale of the drug. Mr. Alexander has, by your permission last week, given evidence for reducing exaggerated statements as to this revival; but the recrudescence is taking place, and is a very serious set-back to that uplift of China, which is attracting world-wide attention and respect.

May I show cause for immediate action on the part of Great Britain? At the present moment, large stocks of Indian opium, estimated at from £6,000,000 to £10,000,000, lie in Chinese ports, waiting to be sent to the towns and villages. In favor of receiving it are those who have fallen so deeply under the influence of the habit that they are unable to resist its seduction, and the agriculturists who will find in the admission of the foreign drug a sufficient excuse for resuming the growth in the districts where it has so recently been suppressed. Against receiving it are the reformers of every kind. To those of your readers who may have doubts as to the Government, I would repeat the deliberate opinion of Sir Edward Grey that "the present Chinese Government is as much in earnest as the late Chinese Government with regard to the suppression of opium-smoking." I would ask them also to allow weight to the settled advocacy of suppression by the whole of the newly-formed academic opinion of China, and by the native press, in unbroken unanimity. Is it not sad that the grim spectre of a revived resort to opium should stand threaten-

ing Chinese reformers under the ægis of the British flag?

And the situation presses. We cannot but feel anxious about the diplomatic difficulties which are created, and which must grow worse. Our Consuls are appealed to by the opium merchants to bear down the opposition of the Chinese authorities. Our Minister at Peking is obliged to hear these appeals and to enter upon remonstrances with the rulers of a people in a matter deeply affecting that people's moral and physical well-being. Suppose that at any moment some reformers should feel the pressure to be unbearable, and that active resistance to the receipt of Indian opium should break out in some Chinese town, what could we do? Is it thinkable that Great Britain should land a force and fire upon these people? Or that we should compel their rulers to hale them to prison for endeavoring to oppose the ravages of what they hold to be the evil which, more than any other, has been their bane during the last fifty years or more? How would this look in the light of the declaration of the International Conference at The Hague, on which the printer's ink is scarcely dry, that the cessation of the production of opium for other than medical purposes is a "humanitarian" object in which all civilised nations should combine?

And, further, are we to go on adding to the stocks? Is another year's crop to be produced in India over the 200,000 acres, which, even according to the reduced plan, stand at present as about to be planted? The merchants in India themselves have, for their own commercial reasons, petitioned against further production, the disposal of the present stock being in itself a sufficiently difficult task.

Our Government has expressed its sense of the gravity of the situation through Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Acland, and Mr. Montagu. Some of us who have had this matter at heart for many years past earnestly trust that the Government will receive a cordial support for any action they may decide to take, in order to bring the growth and export from India to a close with the utmost possible promptitude, never to be resumed.—Yours, &c.,

A. CALDECOTT.

(Chairman of the Church Anti-Opium Committee.)
King's College, London,
June 25th, 1912.

FRANCE AND THE "GERMAN ORBIT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I have had an opportunity of bringing your article, "The Position of France" (THE NATION, June 1st), under the notice of a French journalist in England, whose weekly "Lettre d'Angleterre" is read in more than half the Departements of the Republic.

At the outset he agreed that its tone and outlook presented a more balanced appearance than much of the writing that has appeared in the Liberal press. There were, however, several points on which he found himself in disagreement with your views.

First, as regards the position in the Mediterranean. You had overlooked, he averred, the new French Naval Bill, in which provision is made for a substantial increase in the Republic's naval force in the Mediterranean, and should circumstances be such as to lead to the joining of the Austro-Italian fleets, he believed that a necessary outcome would be the combination of British and French fleets in those waters.

The position of Russia is *bien entendu*. He held to the belief that any possibility of France entering the orbit of Germany is very remote, and he expressed doubt that French capital would be procurable to assist Germany in her commercial enterprise. As to the quotation of German securities on the Paris Bourse, he would have none of it. Financiers might desire it, but they would have to reckon with that national sentiment which always has run high in his country and to-day was to be observed in a rise of patriotic fervor in every quarter. He pointed to Alsace-Lorraine, and supported his view with the incidents which I subjoin. The unfortunate failure of German politicians to understand the true methods of absorption had led to bitterness in those two provinces which had spread all over the country. German policy as applied to the captured territory formed an impassable barrier against any understanding between

the two neighboring nations, and until the position in Alsace and Lorraine had been rectified, there could be no *rapprochement*. He did not mean to say that a re-annexation to France was desired, but rather a change of policy such as would allow a free development of dual education, half-Celtic, half-Teuton. Besides, the bitterness was not engendered by the French people. Quite the contrary. Still, they would not stand for ever the menace of Germany's military power. The revival of patriotism showed only too plainly that if France had to die as a nation, the result would be dearly bought by her conquerors. She had faced Europe once, and, if need be, would again stand alone. But there were other points to consider. The movement of German troops on the Belgian frontier could not be passed unnoticed. Recently the Queen of Holland visited Paris. She did not make the journey to discuss the weather with President Fallières, nor to replenish her wardrobe at the Maisons Paquin et Worth. The object of her mission was plainly to be seen in the terms of the toasts at the President's banquet.

England had once been forced to enter European politics at a time when the Napoleonic hegemony threatened her. To-day another hegemony threatened. What was to be England's attitude, and who were to be her allies? The defeat in detail of either of the parties to the *Entente cordiale* meant the ultimate defeat of both. And that could only be regarded as a catastrophe to Western civilisation. Germany's attitude could be gauged from the manner in which she had handled the question of the Grafenstaden works; and subsequently the arrest, on their return, of certain members and leaders of the Alsatian choirs and bands which took part in recent musical competitions at Paris. So lately as June 16th, M. Schatz, manufacturer of Sarreguemines, was charged with *lèse majesté* on the plea that he had conducted himself disrespectfully before a plaster bust of the German Emperor. It was alleged that he turned his back on the bust, and muttered some of the offensive words in French. In commenting on the case, the German newspapers underlined the fact that he is said recently to have signed a request against the transfer of a Prussian regiment to Sarreguemines—a charge said to be devoid of foundation.

It is for these reasons that my friend sees no cause to believe that France will enter, at all events in the near future, "the orbit of Germany."—Yours, &c.,

EDGAR C. GATES.

12, Brundrett's Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy,

June 24th, 1912.

THE CRIME OF BEING INEFFICIENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I venture to return to this topic because Mr. Lowes Dickinson has mistaken my point: and I do honestly think it is an extremely urgent point. To begin with, Mr. Lowes Dickinson says the question is whether feeble-mindedness is hereditary. By his leave, that is not the question. The question is whether certain private citizens ought to be empowered to kidnap an indefinite number of other private citizens without pretence of proof or possibility of defence. And then, of whether that agreeable state of things is rendered necessary by the fact that feeble-mindedness is hereditary—if it is hereditary. But that is not the point which I want to make quite clear; it is this: Mr. Lowes Dickinson supposes that, in some hazy, "intuitive" way, I say there is nothing hereditary in the business. This is not what I meant or what I said. Suppose the question really is whether feeble-mindedness is hereditary or not. I do not perceive, with my intuition, that the answer is "no." I perceive, with my reason, that the question is nonsense. It is nonsense for this plain reason: that, by the very nature and necessity of the Bill, those called feeble-minded are not strict scientific types, but a vague mass that might easily be made commensurate with all mankind. Certainly, I should respect an expert's view as to whether a man was, in the common sense, mad or imbecile; though I might not legislate on his view alone. But madmen can be locked up, imbeciles can be locked up, under laws that exist and have long existed. The whole point of this Bill, therefore, is that it is a Bill for locking up people who are not mad and not imbecile, but simply normal or mainly normal people who

might happen to strike other people as rather odd or dull. Of a quality so undefined, relative, and subject to taste, I repeat that it is nonsense, not merely to say that it is hereditary, but to ask whether it is hereditary. I should certainly ask an expert whether blindness was hereditary. I should not necessarily ask an expert whether bad manners were hereditary. It would depend on the expert's manners.

This point is essential, if so much as a legend of civic right is to linger among men. Of course, there ought to be experts; and, of course, they ought to be trusted. But they also ought to be trustworthy; and the only earthly check we have on their becoming pure charlatans (that is, not experts at all) is found in the fact that, however secret their toils, we have at the beginning put to them some sort of intelligible question; and they do at the end produce some sort of intelligible and applicable answer. The community has no protection at all if the experts may go off to investigate Snarks, report that they are Boojums, and demand a handsome salary for their researches. It is not a question, as Mr. Lowes Dickinson says, of experts making mistakes, but of their making nothing but money. They have a perfect right to conduct their investigations in their own way; but if the nation has not the right to call some investigation worthless, or wastrel, or cruel, or otherwise immoral, then there can be no such thing as a nation at all.

The same truth can be put somewhat more simply thus: If the citizen knew so little about the province of the expert as that, he would not even know who was the expert. If I really had no right to distrust a specialist, I should have no right to trust one.—Yours, &c.,

G. K. CHESTERTON.

June 27th, 1912.

THE NEW UNIVERSITIES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter from "Academicus" in THE NATION of June 15th expresses an important point in connection with the relative merits of the new and the old universities; a point which the ardent supporters of the recent craze for the multiplication of universities clearly prove—though they do not see it—to be a mistaken idea of what a university should be. The new universities are doing very little—as the Report of the Advisory Committee to the Board of Education shows—towards maintaining the standard of university education throughout the country. "The volume of true university work," to use the expression employed by the Committee, bears but a small proportion to the whole work done. Only 13.6 per cent. of the students attending the universities and colleges reach or pass the third year of an organised course; and of these, clearly a still smaller part actually graduate. It is true that in Germany only a small percentage of the total number of students at the universities ever proceed to a degree. But the two cases are not analogous. The preparation for the Doctorate there has nothing whatever in common with our process of graduation in taking a bare B.A. or B.Sc. The system of migration of students from one seat of learning to another accounts for the short time spent at any particular university—a practice which does not hold good in England. At Oxford and Cambridge, likewise, a considerable proportion of the men go down without taking a degree, though the number is not as large as at the new universities; but there are different reasons for sending gilded youths to college for a year or two when it is expressly understood that it is the college life, and not the academic work, which is regarded as important. The new universities hardly offer these opportunities, which require an atmosphere and ancient soil in which to yield fruitful results. No one supposes for an instant that the Prince of Wales is going to Oxford for the purpose of pursuing a serious course of study, but rather for the sake of inhaling the atmosphere of that venerable home of English culture. He will spend a few terms at Cambridge, presumably with the same object. The difference between the two universities, indeed, is sufficient to justify his going to both, instead of spending twice the time at either. Now, what is true of princes generally is true of patrician squires and squireens in a lesser degree, and the new universities do not offer what these people want. If a serious course of study is not

followed at the new universities, it is difficult to see what education they can give in its stead, except that which is afforded by lectures, which students who do not pass examinations can hardly be expected to profit by or understand. The standard of education there proposed scarcely surpasses, if it really reaches the level of, the University Extension System. What, then, is the point in perverting the old usage of the words "university education" so as to create an illusion in the minds of many a proud parent that his son is receiving a university education, when he might as well be employed, so far as that goes, in his father's factory. That seems to me the fallacy in confusing the words "university" and "technical education." The latter, however useful, is not a university education, and the institutions which try to confuse the two are doing incalculable injury to the cause of both. So long as these new universities are governed by bodies composed, as I understand, of local tradesmen, their tone can never be expected to be high socially or intellectually, if they ever do acquire a tone in either respect. The university will never become a power in the city where it exists if the professors continue to be ruled and dictated to, as they appear to be in more than one of such institutions, by grocers, fishmongers, and unlettered plutocrats, and if they continue, as they do at present in such places, to hold their appointments on a three months' tenure on either side. So long as this state of things continues, as the Report of the Committee implies, no first-rate man of any experience, judgment, or good sense will risk his future by joining in their work. The larger universities—such as those of Manchester, Birmingham, and Liverpool—do not come under these strictures, and London University may or may not do so, according to the college we may have in mind.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

Lausanne, June 18th, 1912.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—With keen interest, I read the article on "The First Diet of Universities" in your issue of June 1st, and with still greater interest, the letter by "Academicus" in your issue of the 15th. In the original article, the writer stated clearly and inspiringly the ideals and hopes of the new universities and university colleges that have characterised the democratic revolution of modern education. If the friends of the newer academic institutions (and give me leave to put myself in that category of friends) wanted a plain statement of their aspirations, they could wish for nothing better than your article. But those very friends will welcome the wholesome criticism of "Academicus," for they must realise that facts do not warrant so complacent a review as your article provides. Were we willing to believe that, in his "Utopia," Sir Thomas More depicted the England of his day, we might accept this rosy picture of the new universities.

However, I feel that your writer was anxious, with subtle satire, to put to the blush by unmerited praise. Will he not, then, pluck off the mask of satire, and let us benefit by his knowledge of the workings of these new academies? He obviously has moved in the inner circle and seen the home-life of the *alumni* nourished on Plato and Lucretius. And public utterances of statesmen, and revelatory recital addresses, he seems to have studied with the ardor of a searcher after truth. The valuable Report of the Board of Education's Advisory Committee has stated, in official language, the results of its careful investigation; but a more human study, not this time in the veiled language of satire, would be an invaluable commentary to the Committee's Report.

"Academicus" has done well to quote from this Report, which has a deal of meaning to those who are able to read it line by line, and all that is situated midway. May I re-quote the pregnant paragraph which appeared in his letter, putting one word into italics?

"Beginning as local or municipal institutions, the Universities have become, or are becoming, national institutions, but it is not clear that the local bodies which are associated in the government of the Colleges have fully realised the bearing of this change. We desire, however, to say that nothing in the course of our visitations gave us greater satisfaction than the wise and active sympathy manifested towards the Universities by *some* of the Pro-Chancellors and other lay members of Council whom we met. We should

regard it as highly regrettable if either the academic or the local body failed in any case to realise that the complete success of a modern University can only be secured by the hearty co-operation of both."

To those who are familiar with the mode of governing some of these newer university institutions, this contains a grave implication, founded on what is only too true. The virtual government of some at least of these institutions is in the hands of councils, consisting mainly of non-academic members. These business men have been called in to lend their aid, as men of the world, in managing these academies, to introduce the freedom of democratic government, and obviate the academic oligarchy to which some of the older universities were subjected. That was the striking innovation of the new university movement. These rulers of the new universities have now to account for their charge. We know, and they know, that in all cases these stewards do not deserve a "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

—Yours, &c.,

GRADUATE.

June 25th, 1912.

THE NEXT JUDAISM.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Having, like Fielding, made a journey to Lisbon, I have been unable to deal earlier with the complaint of a friend of mine, a member of Mr. Montefiore's Liberal Jewish Synagogue, that I had given currency in your columns to the "malevolent rumor" that "even pecuniary sacrifice is practically limited to the founder," and had thus done a serious injustice to the movement and its supporters. "The congregation," he writes, "is not wealthy; but those who have made themselves responsible for carrying it on—and they are many—are cheerfully bearing, with Mr. Montefiore, their full share of sacrifices in money, personal labor, the rupture of some cherished associations, and the odium of not a little unjust and ungenerous criticism."

While gladly making this correction, I cannot help pointing out that no better proof is needed than these words that my friend has absolutely misunderstood the point of my criticism. He does not even know the meaning of "sacrifice" in connection with the foundation of a new sect if he imagines such mild sufferings were in my mind. Let him read ecclesiastical history, or even study the martyrology of the suffragettes.—Yours, &c.,

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

Innsbruck, June 22nd, 1912.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The "Cornhill Magazine" for the current month publishes an article on Waterloo from the well-known pen of the famous Mr. Fitchett. May I be allowed, through the medium of your valuable columns, to correct an error that appears to be springing up again?

There certainly was an "observatory" on the field of battle, a structure answering to the description given by Mr. Fitchett and others; and it may possibly have been used by one of Napoleon's staff as a "crow's nest," whence he could survey the progress of the fight, and report to Napoleon; but we have definite proof that Napoleon did not direct operations from the said structure, because La Coste was asked this very question, by Sir John Sinclair not very long after Waterloo, and La Coste denied the story absolutely. Moreover, we have definite proof that Napoleon made La Belle Alliance his headquarters, or its immediate vicinity, throughout the whole of the battle on the 18th, though it is true that he had passed the previous night at the farm of La Caillou.

The "observatory" referred to had been erected prior to the Waterloo Campaign by the King of the Netherlands, for the purpose of making trigonometrical surveys of the country; it stood between Mont Plaisir on the West and Planchenoit on the East, with Hougoumont in front of it to the North, and the wood of Neuvecour to the South; while the Nivelles road ran past it from Hougoumont to the South. It was near this structure that the Marquis of Anglesey fell, wounded by one of the last shots fired by the French in their flight during the evening. With regard

to references and authorities, etc., I think your readers will find everything they can require in Mudford's "Historical Account of Waterloo," published in 1817, with colored plates, including one of the "observatory" referred to.—
Yours, &c., "M.A., BALLIOL, OXON."

Oxford, June 24th, 1912.

LAWLESSNESS IN MAGISTRATES.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—What are we to make of a magistrate—Sir Hereward Wake—openly uttering his resolve to break, and to encourage others to break, the law in the matter of the servants' tax? Again and again, passive resisters are told from the Bench that their—the Bench's—business is to administer the law and not to make the law! Is not Sir Hereward Wake's declaration an ample set-off to Mr. Cecil Chapman's support of militancy by a money subscription to the funds of the W.S.P.U., with which he was twitted in the House during the debate on the Conciliation Bill? Would Sir Hereward Wake break the law if a tax-resisting suffragist came before him? I am a constitutional, non-militant, law-abiding suffragist; all the same, I cannot but listen, with grim humor, to the declarations of certain ladies, many of them anti-suffragists, that nothing will make them pay the servants' tax; while all the time they are submitting to taxation on general principles without a murmur. Do they not see that they have brought themselves to the pass they are in? There is always a breaking point of oppression; it is not a little disgusting or contemptible that that point should be reached by rich people over a few pounds or shillings for the insurance of their servants.—Yours, &c.,

ISOBEL FITZROY HECHT.

June 26th, 1912.

THE WAGES OF RURAL LABORERS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In a footnote to Mr. Marshall Sturge's protest (p. 439), you ask: "Is 15s. a week a typical Oxfordshire wage? We fear that it runs to a much lower figure."

The average income of the laborer in Oxfordshire from his master is attested by a Government return by Sir George Askwith, which should be perfectly well known to everyone who pretends to write with authority on rural questions. In that return the sum given is 16s. 4d. I may add that I have been staying this week in a remote Oxfordshire village, where the men are getting 16s. and a cottage.

May I take this opportunity of protesting, not only against your sweeping statement that "the wages of the great class which tills the fields of England are a scandal to civilisation," but against the false impression conveyed by a declaration of yours that "Belgium, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany, and France, these countries and some more, far excel us in the development of their agriculture"?

I am sorry to say that the Liberal press, by reason of its lack of real acquaintance with rural conditions, is much less use to rural Progressives than it ought to be.—Yours, &c.,

J. W. ROBERTSON-SCOTT (Home Counties).

Great Canfield, Dunmow, Essex,

June 22nd, 1912.

[Mr. Robertson-Scott writes with some assurance, but with no special authority on the point he raises. Taking Mr. Wilson Fox's figures, we find that the average wage for Oxfordshire, including all allowances, only runs to 14s. 11d. Any rise that has taken place since that return was made has been counterbalanced by the increase in prices. Indeed, a much more recent investigation, that made by Mr. George Edwards, Secretary of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, who attended a deputation from the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress to the President of the Board of Trade in February last, shows, as we were well aware, that Oxfordshire wages in some villages are far below this figure. Here is what Mr. Edwards said:—

"I have recently been down into Northamptonshire and Oxfordshire, and I found there that in many of the villages the wages of the agricultural laborers were 10s., 11s., and 12s. per week, and they have to lose time in wet weather. Hundreds of them have gone home at the week-end during the winter months with only 8s. for the week. The general

statement made to me, which I can bear out by experience, is that the average earnings of those laborers does not amount to more than 12s. per week."

Are such wages a scandal to civilisation or are they not? The truth is, of course, that the variation of agricultural wages in districts is one of the most serious features of the agricultural situation.—ED., NATION.]

NATIONAL INSURANCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—I was gratified to see the letter from "Middle-Class Liberal" in last week's NATION, and have been surprised that some of your readers have not communicated with you on the subject before. I have been agitating all this year with no good result, and notice that the Premier did not see fit to interview a most important deputation which waited on him recently about it.

The inequality with which the employers' contributions fall upon various industries is beyond belief. We employ some 1,400 workers in a healthy occupation, and will have to pay over £1,000 per annum employers' contribution, while some of our neighbors making double or treble the income in much less healthy occupations employ less than 100 hands, so will have only to pay £50 to £65 per annum.

It has been our pleasure to spend £400 or £500 a year outside wages, for the comfort and welfare of our employees. We have a *crèche* for the married women's children from a month to five years (about fifty), feeding them as children should be fed. We provide a dining-room for those who prefer not to go home, where they can get a hot varied mid-day meal for 2d. to 3d. We have a certificated nurse, to whom we pay £75 a year; she looks after the girls for minor illnesses and attends maternity cases. We provide hot baths for 1d., including soap and towels. We have clothing, club, and sewing class, looked after by lady members of the firm. We provide tennis court, cricket and football grounds, and a bowling green for the elder men. But when after paying 1s. 2d. I.T., we get mulcted another £1,000 a year, it sets us thinking whether these other luxuries must not be given up.

I could fill pages showing the anomalies of this Act, but beyond calling attention to the fact that in the matter of limited companies the whole burthen will fall on the ordinary shareholders, which may mean poverty and ruin to many, I will not trouble you with any more.

When laws are made in this careless manner, it makes one consider whether it is not time the reins should not be given to some more careful Ministers—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL FOR FIFTY YEARS.

June 20th, 1912.

P.S.—If, as occasionally has happened, we don't make any profit, where is the £1,000 to come from?

Poetry.

MAD POLL.

THERE goes mad Poll, dressed in wild flowers,
Poor, crazy Poll, now old and wan;
Her hair all down, like any child:
She swings her two arms like a man.
Poor, crazy Poll is never sad,
She never misses one that dies;
When neighbors show their new-born babes,
They seem familiar to her eyes.
Her bonnet's always in her hand,
Or on the ground, and lying near;
She thinks it is a thing for play,
Or pretty show, and not to wear.
She gives the sick no sympathy,
She never soothes a child that cries;
She never whimpers, night or day,
She makes no moans, she makes no sighs.
She talks about some battle old,
Fought many a day from yesterday;
And when that war is done, her love—
"Ha, ha!" Poll laughs, and skips away.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Meaning of Liberalism." By J. M. Robertson. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "Many Celebrities and a Few Others: A Bundle of Reminiscences." By W. H. Rideing. (Nash. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Command of the Sea: Some Problems of Imperial Defence." By Archibald Hurd. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)
- "The Early History of the Christian Church." Vol. II. By L. Duchesne. (Murray. 9s. net.)
- "The Labor Movement." By L. T. Hobhouse. Revised Edition. (Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Manchester Politician (1750-1912)." By G. B. Hertz. (Sherratt & Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Home Rule Bill." By John Redmond. (Cassell. 1s. net.)
- "Letters of William Cowper." Chosen and edited by J. G. Frazer. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 8s. net.)
- "Also and Perhaps." By Sir Frank Swettenham. (Lane. 6s.)
- "Stories without Tears." By Barry Pain. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)
- "La Bataille. Romantique." Par Jules Marsan. (Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Le Cour des Stuarts à Saint-Germain-en-Laye (1689-1718)." Par G. du Bosq et M. Bernos. (Paris: Paul. 5 fr.)
- "Chateaubriand Ambassadeur à Londres." Par le Comte d'Antioche. (Paris: Perrin. 7 fr. 50.)
- "Vaincue." Roman. Par Raymonde Lordereau. (Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 3 fr. 50.)
- "Der Krieg Italiens gegen die Türkei." Von H. von Graevenitz. (Berlin: Eisenschmidt. M. 1.50.)
- "Bürger, Geschichten aus einer Stadt im hohen Norden." Von Ludwig Narström. (Leipzig: Bannier. M. 3.)
- "Ein Kampf um Gott." Roman. Von Heinrich Welcker. (Berlin: Fanke. M. 3.)

A NEW book by Mr. Booker Washington, giving the results of an investigation which he made in Europe during the past couple of years, is announced for early publication. Its title is "The Man Farthest Down," and Mr. Washington maintains that the submerged population of our European cities raises more acute and more pressing problems than any that have to be faced in the Southern States of America.

"SEASONABLE TRADES" is the title of a collection of lectures delivered at the London School of Economics, to be published by Messrs. Constable. The book has been edited by Mr. Arnold Freeman, and the different writers have an expert knowledge of the conditions in each trade Mr. Sidney Webb contributes an introduction.

ANOTHER posthumous book by O. Henry, the brilliant American writer of short stories, is to appear in the autumn. It is to be called "Rolling Stones," and will contain some stories that have not been published before, a number of sketches reprinted from a Texas magazine to which O. Henry contributed, and a selection from his letters.

JUDGE BODKIN, who has several works of fiction to his credit, has now written a book on Irish history, which will be published immediately by Mr. Fisher Unwin, under the title of "Grattan's Parliament: Before and After." Judge Bodkin comes to the conclusion that, with all its faults—many of them due to its unrepresentative character and its want of control over the Executive—Grattan's Parliament did immense service to Ireland.

AMONG the novels to be issued during the summer are Mr. E. V. Lucas's "London Lavender" from Messrs. Methuen; Miss Mary Johnston's "Cease Firing" from Messrs. Constable; Mr. Eden Phillpotts's "From the Angle of Seventeen" from Mr. Murray; Madame Sarah Grand's "Adam's Orchard" and Mr. J. E. Patterson's political novel, "The Story of Stephen Compton," from Mr. Heinemann. Besides these, there is news from America of a novel by Mr. Winston Churchill, and of a story dealing with the Bahai movement in Persia by Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

HURRY, Mr. Frederic Harrison reminded us last week at the London Library, is the great enemy of literature in the present age, as, indeed, it has been in every other age. And it is a commonplace to say that hurry, combined with

the penny post, has killed the art of letter-writing. "The art of note-writing," says Bagehot, a sound, though to-day we fear rather a neglected, critic, "may become classical; it is for the present age to provide models for that sort of composition; but letters have perished." We are therefore all the more ready to welcome a fresh and charming selection of "Letters of William Cowper," which has been made by Dr. J. G. Frazer, and published by Messrs. Macmillan in their "Eversley Series." The fullest collection of Cowper's letters is that edited by Mr. Thomas Wright, and published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton in 1904. This contains about a hundred letters that had not been published either in Southey's or Grimshawe's editions of Cowper's works. In the way of selections there are two good volumes, one by the late Canon Benham, in "The Golden Treasury Series," and the other by Mr. E. V. Lucas, in "The World's Classics."

THE advantage of Dr. Frazer's volumes is that they will appeal to readers who hesitate to venture upon the complete correspondence, but who would like more than either Canon Benham or Mr. Lucas provides. We have here 348 letters, a memoir which enables the reader to understand most of the allusions, a few footnotes, and an index. For the latter we are especially thankful, and it is to be regretted that some of the other volumes in the "Eversley Series" are without that necessary feature. Canon Ainger took care to provide one for his edition of "The Letters of Charles Lamb," and there is an index, though not a good one, to Mr. Aldis Wright's "Letters of Edward Fitzgerald"; but the reader who is searching for a reference in Lord Morley's works or in those of R. H. Hutton will be exasperated by the absence of so useful a help.

DR. FRAZER begins his memoir with the words, "William Cowper, one of the best of men and one of the most charming of English poets and letter-writers." What are the marks of a good letter? They have been well summed-up in a sentence to be found in Mr. J. C. Bailey's book, "Studies in Some Famous Letters." "Ease and naturalness," he writes, "lightness of touch, the sense for the little things that are the staple of conversation and correspondence, as well as of life, the ever-present consciousness that one is simply one's self and not an author or an editor, are, of all qualities, the most essential in letters." If we add that the writer should possess a sense of humor, should be an interesting personality, and, while avoiding all that is stiff and formal, should remember that he is writing, not talking, we have made a list of all that is necessary to make a great letter-writer. They are not the qualities that one expects to find in a man subject to fits of religious mania, and yet Cowper's letters are as remarkable for their sanity and balance as for their many other merits.

If we except the letters to Teedon—and of these Dr. Frazer prints only one, and that a short one—most of Cowper's letters are in a vein of sprightly serenity. He is so pleased and interested by the trifles that fill his own life and the lives of his correspondents, that we are pleased and interested too. We are carried away by the escapade of the immortal hares—a letter, be it noted, which was written to the stern Newton. We go to the fair and admire the lion, "seventy years of age, and as tame as a goose. Your mother and I saw him embrace his keeper with his paws, and lick his face. Others saw him receive his head in his mouth and restore it to him again unhurt—a sight we chose not to be favored with, but rather advised the honest man to discontinue the practice." We are amused by "wrong-headed Nathan Simple, who, it seems, has much the same aversion to a Papist that some people have to a cat; rather an antipathy than a reasoned dislike." And we are reminded of that other great letter-writer, Lamb, when Cowper, speaking of his own liking for fish, calls himself "the most ichthyophagous of Protestants." It is hardly an exaggeration to say that, by his pictures of the ordinary doings of every day, Cowper does for English country life in the latter half of the eighteenth century what Pepys's "Diary" does for life in London during the latter half of the seventeenth. And he does it with so much grace and charm that many readers will be glad to renew acquaintance with him in Dr. Frazer's admirable selection.

Reviews.

THE MEDIEVAL STUDENT.

"Life in the Medieval University." By R. S. RAIT, Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. (Cambridge University Press. 1s. net.)

THE editors of the "Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature" were well advised to secure Mr. Rait, whose sympathy with the subject and mastery of the materials have enabled him to produce an admirable volume. The tale was worth telling; it is worth repeating, even in a briefer form, with a debt no less direct to Mr. Rait's own book than that which the author himself acknowledges to Dr. Rashdall.

The university has always been a microcosm, and lent itself to many rival points of view. We may remember, on the one hand, how Lady Kicklebury attributed her son's temporary physical exhaustion to over-study at Christ-church: "Sir Thomas applies too hard." There are others who believe the two older universities to be populated only by drawling prigs and obsequious menials. Equally discordant are modern opinions with regard to the scholars of the Middle Ages. Some are accustomed to regard them chiefly from the "single-men-in-barricks" point of view; to others, the typical student is he who begs his way to Oxford without even the medieval equivalent of half-a-crown in his pocket; and who, having struggled from among the pots to a bishopric or archbishopric, finally leaves all his personal estate to monasteries, almshouses, and colleges. Both extremes existed then, as now, though the former falls properly into the background. It was J. R. Green's unerring instinct which made him seize upon St. Edmund Rich and Roger Bacon as types of a by-gone Picturesque Oxford. But such heroes or martyrs of learning have been only too rare in all ages; and, next to them, the boy-parson from the country is the medieval scholar in whom we ourselves must confess the greatest interest. In 1318 (to choose a concrete instance) the Bishop of Exeter institutes Simon de Boyville to the rectory of West Ogwell, of which the patron is John de Boyville, probably Simon's father or uncle. But the new rector is not yet in Holy Orders; therefore, the bishop assigns part of the benefice to support him at the university, and another part to pay a curate during the interval. Simon is likely to be of any age from fifteen to twenty—in extreme cases the presentees were even younger; William Fitz-Stephen, for instance, was sent off, not to the university, but to a grammar-school. Simon's Minor Orders had probably been conferred on him as a schoolboy. There is an interesting case recorded, in which a Herefordshire boy, while at Gloucester Choir School, had allowed the Bishop of Worcester to tonsure him with the rest of his schoolfellows, never dreaming that he could not accept such a solemn thing as ordination from a strange prelate without formal letters dimissory from the bishop of his own diocese. Ordained in due time sub-deacon, deacon, and priest, the unhappy cleric suddenly found himself *irregularis*, as an inexorable legal consequence of this unwitting boyish mistake. By reason of this "irregularity," some of his solemn ministrations were null and void; others were daily performed to the perdition of his own soul. He had but tasted a drop of the forbidden honey—*gustans gustavi*, as poor Jonathan pleaded—nay, he had not even known it to be forbidden; yet here he finds himself, a parish priest, wallowing in mortal sin until the Bishop of Hereford shall have duly absolved him. This, however, is a digression, except that our Simon from Exeter may well be in the same case without knowing it; or, knowing, without caring enough about it to go through a troublesome and expensive form of absolution later on. However, we will suppose him to be secure from such spiritual terrors; yet there are earthly terrors from which our budding undergraduate may shrink still more; for he is going to an Oxford where (we have it in official black and white) a fine is more dreaded in these degenerate days than the extremest spiritual punishment. Unless Simon travels with a "fetcher" or "carrier," he will run a measurable risk of making the first acquaintance with his fellow-students in the guise of amateur *banditti*. Bagley Wood had an evil reputation; and bands of student-

highwaymen sometimes haunted the Cambridgeshire fens, as well as the hills round Oxford. Hence the utility of the carrier, not only to deliver mere parcels safely, but to guide and guard a caravan of living souls, who, on these journeys to and fro, were expressly permitted to break the usual prohibition against bearing swords, bows, and bucklers. Some relics of this importance of the medieval carrier, it will be noted, clung still round Cambridge Hobson in Milton's day.

With the medieval Hobson's help, therefore, our boy-rector has now safely climbed the last o'er-looking hill, and sees Oxford stretched beneath him under a late September sunset. No earlier can the term begin; for many scholars have been needed at home to help with the hay and the corn harvest, even as modern American undergraduates will eke out a slender purse as waiters at Saratoga during the season. Beyond the grey stubble-fields of the foreground lies a broad stretch of green meadow and silver stream; and athwart the stream a cluster of white walls and towers, with just a sprinkling of houses for a hundred yards or so outside each gate. The caravan mends its pace; in twenty minutes it clatters over the drawbridge; let us hope our scholar has already some fairly definite idea where to find his night's lodging. His only disciplinary duty, in these spacious times of the great Edward, will be to register himself under some master; who (if we may trust again to the black and white of the Chancellor's books) may, unfortunately, turn out to be a wilder blood than the average undergraduate. In the fifteenth century, however, from which the greater part of our most definite evidence comes, the student was practically compelled to do more than this, and enrol himself in some College or Hall. Yet college accommodation was, even then, extremely scanty. The Hall had not yet wholly emerged from its original form of a common lodging-house for students, bound together by a voluntary bond of association. At Paris, Halls were sometimes kept by "dames," as were some Eton houses to the end of the nineteenth century. If our hero escapes this monstrous regiment of women, it is only too probable that he will find no place within the privileged walls of a College. He enters himself, then, at one of the numerous Halls, and is soon doing his best to find his level among his new companions, both inside and outside. Let us hope that he has not come up in the confident expectation of finding that El Dorado of learning pictured by the author of "Piers Plowman":—

"For if heaven be on this earth, and ease to any soul,
It is in cloister or in school.
In school there is scorn, but if a clerk will learn,
And great love and liking, for each of them loveth other."

For Long Will had most probably been defrauded, like poor Charles Lamb, of the sweet food of academic learning. The ideal of his verse reads like that of a wistful outsider; and Dr. Rashdall is probably nearer the mark when he surmises that there can scarcely be a yard of Oxford High Street which has not at some time or other been stained by a student's blood. So far as Oxford and Cambridge are concerned, we have only vague evidence of the peculiar trials incident to the Freshman as such; but at foreign Universities we know that the *bejaunus*, or "greenhorn," suffered deeply. He passed through a solemn ordeal, which the University statutes are first found prohibiting altogether, then only regulating to the best of their power, and finally admitting as inevitable in human nature, and as profitable (when duly taxed) to the masters' purses. A sort of "Verdant Green" of the fifteenth century describes the initiation of the Heidelberg Freshman with extreme minuteness. From the first moment when his fellow-students affect to discover in the room a rare monster, the *bejaunus*, of hideous aspect and loathsome odor, down to the final scene in which all drink together in earnest of the feast with which the Freshman has promised to regale his fellows, we scarcely know whether to laugh with the tormentors or weep with the victim. A budding Bob Sawyer undertakes to remove his deformities by a series of burlesque, but not the less excruciating, surgical operations. The salves applied to his wounds do but add insult to injury; he is finally saved from syncope by the stimulus of far other essences than hartshorn or sal volatile. When exhausted nature can endure no more, he is given out to be at his latest breath. Then the budding Parson Trulliber comes forward to hear his last whispered confession, to interject exclamations of horror, which, like the one-half of a telephonic dialogue, leave us plainly to

infer all the rest, the seven deadly sins one after the other! and finally to prescribe, as the one condition of valid ecclesiastical absolution, a lavish expenditure upon pious works, of which the most important is a *largissima coena*.

If the thing had been quite so completely systematised in England, we could scarcely have failed to hear of it; yet there are indications that our boy-rector would have had to pay his footing in some way, probably both with purse and with person. Thus formally and informally matriculated into that motley crew of students from sixteen to sixty, from the archdeacon or chaplain down to the half-fledged grammar-boy, he would pursue his studies with much the same energy as the modern undergraduate; that is, at any pressure from full steam to no steam at all. St. Edmund Rich, after studying deep into the night, fought with a malicious devil betwixt his bed and the wall. At the other end of the scale came the so-called "chamberdekyns," of whom contemporary authorities complain that "they sleep all day, and prow by night from one tavern or house of ill-fame to another, seeking occasions of homicide," and of whom Dr. Rashdall rightly remarks that, even after conviction, "in the majority of cases nothing worse happened to them than being compelled to go to Cambridge." Simon, let us hope, steers a middle course between these two extremes. He rises at five, and takes his option of washing at a common lavatory—but let us leave all this to Mr. Rait, who has told it so well. Let us look forward some two or three years, to the time when he will take his chance at the Bishop of Exeter's examination. This ordeal does not seem to have been very formidable; and, to judge from the Register, the few who failed were nearly always rejected for inability to sing Mass. Until this time, therefore, Simon will not risk much by joining that irresponsible band of absentees who are condemned as emphatically by orthodox churchmen as by Wycliffe himself; men (or boys) whose main idea was to have a good time at the University, and to postpone as long as possible the evil hour of actual parish work. When the Great Pestilence comes, will not Simon even be among those who set their benefice to hire, and leave their sheep encumbered in the mire? But let us not be pharisaical. If Sir Simon de Boyville had been present at that immortal Canterbury Pilgrimage, how many of us would have fled from him to cleave unto the Poor Parson or the model Clerk of Oxenford? Should we not have seen and applauded the better in Petrarch's friend, but followed the worse in Simon? And, if he had beckoned us aside to a convenient cup of moist and corny ale, seasoned by stories from the Oxford of 1318, should we have felt it an irrevocable loss to rejoin the cavalcade only just in time to hear the Parson's *Amen*! and to see the cook trying to look sober with the rest?

MRS. J. R. GREEN AS HISTORIAN.

"The Old Irish World." By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. (Macmillan. 4s. net.)

WHEN Mrs. Green's "Irish Nationality" was published, a writer in a Dublin paper began his review of it with the words, "By God, this is a book!" That sentence suggests, a little violently, the Irish opinion of Mrs. Green's place as an historian. No lover of the cold (or, if you like the word better, the inanimate) facts of history ever broke out into an exclamation like that in a book-review. It was obviously written by one who regarded Mrs. Green, not as a bloodless chronicler of events, but as the champion and vindicator of a nation.

If anyone doubts that Ireland needed a champion in the historical even more than in the political sphere, he will do well to read the first of the five lectures and essays which make up this volume. It is called "The Way of History in Ireland," and it is an exposure, at once impassioned and wittily contemptuous, of the way in which the historians, instead of setting themselves to open up new fields of knowledge in Irish history, have successively contented themselves with muddying the pedigree of the Irish people. "History does not repeat itself," said either Wilde or Mr. Max Beerbohm; "historians repeat each other." And the witticism is seriously true of most of the Irish history that has been written. One after another, the historians have leaped

through the gap of tradition, like a lot of sheep, and pastured on the old fables that represent the seven-hundred-years' duel between England and Ireland as a duel between civilisation, on the one hand, and barbarism, on the other. This was scarcely questioned in collegiate circles. One accepted it as one accepted the superiority of Abraham Lincoln to Sitting Bull, of Queen Victoria to the Queen of the Baganda. To contend that the quarrel between England and Ireland, so far from being a quarrel between civilisation and barbarism, was a quarrel between one civilisation and another, would have been regarded as a paradox of which only an irresponsible Irishman would be capable. More than that, it would have been to challenge the whole world of political and social ideas in which the historians of Ireland had hitherto lived and moved and had their being. It would even have been to question the ethics of Imperialism. For Irish history has been written for the most part, not in the service of truth, but in the service of Empire.

In Ireland, as Mrs. Green says, "history has a peculiar doom. It is enslaved in the chains of the Moral Tale—the good man (English) who prospered, and the bad man (Irish) who came to a shocking end." If an Irishman ventured to cast doubt on the political tract that resulted—whether on its ideas or its instances—he was dismissed in the most scholarly and judicial manner as a politician, a biased and querulous person, and any references to massacres and murders perpetrated by Elizabethan civilisers were discountenanced as peculiarly unpleasant examples of "the Irish whine." In this way the Irish people were slowly being drained of that self-respect which comes of being conscious heirs to a fine tradition. More and more of them were coming to say, in tones of self-pity and resignation, "Ah, where would we be without England?" Irish history before the arrival of Strongbow "came to be looked on as merely a murky prelude to the civilising work of England—a preface, savage, transitory, and of no permanent interest, to be rapidly passed over till we come to the English pages of the book." Clearly a nation which accepted such an account of its ancestry as this without question would be on the road to spiritual slavery.

It would be absurd to suggest that Mrs. Green was the first writer who sought to bring Ireland out of the Egypt in which the historians had bound her. From Lynch, the author of "Cambrensis Eversus," down to Dr. Joyce, many fine-hearted scholars have given us Irish history from the Irish, instead of the Imperial, point of view. Patriots, like John Mitchel, too, have written history out of imaginations of blood and fire, and the common people have kept alive rumors of an ancestry of kings—rumors which only helped to convince a good many people that the melancholy Celt was also a melancholy humbug. But none of these praisers of Ireland caught the ear of the Universities or of the world which the Universities feed with the latest fashion in learning. The only thing recognised as having any excellence in the long procession of Irish history since the time of the saints was a colonial, not a national, institution—Grattan's Parliament. That this was admitted to have any virtue was due chiefly to the fresh-eyed and honest scholarship of Lecky. Mrs. Green bids fair to do for Ireland as a whole, the Ireland of Art MacMurrough and Margaret O'Connor and the O'Neills, what Lecky did for the restricted Ireland of Swift and Grattan. She is the first writer taking what we might call a Continental view of history to offer us anything better than the dreary traditional statement of the record of Ireland. An authority on the social life of mediæval Europe, an historian who had already won the praise of scholars by her work in English history, a brilliant, eloquent, and imaginative writer, possessed of an indomitable patience in research and an indomitable faith, she has given Ireland for the first time what it so badly needed in regard to its history—a skilled advocate before the world.

Mrs. Green does not profess to have rewritten Irish history. As may be seen in the last chapter of the present book, in which she replies to the strictures of Mr. Robert Dunlop on her most important work, she claims merely to have brought forward certain new evidence showing that "need has arisen for an entire review of the whole materials for Irish history and of the old conclusions." Her "Making of Ireland and Its Undoing" was a brilliant

setting-forth of the case for inquiry. Further than this, it instanced a thousand good reasons for believing that the medieval Irish, so far from being a mob of barbarians addicted to the slaughter of their near relatives, as they were generally painted, were comparatively ordinary white Europeans who "made money, traded, built houses, talked Latin, studied medicine and law, [and] otherwise behaved like other people of the Middle Ages." Other historians were content to repeat, like a litany, the Newgate Calendar of medieval Ireland. Mrs. Green, in the first place, reminded them that warfare between small communities was not confined to Ireland in those days, and went on to show that, besides a good deal of blood-letting, medieval Ireland was also a scene of "cheerful progress of trade and culture," and that this progress was deliberately destroyed by the civilising agencies of Dublin Castle.

Orthodox historians, relying on the reports of casual and official travellers, who usually did not know a word of the language of the country, refuse, of course, to credit the evidence for the existence of an Irish national civilisation. Mrs. Green, in one of the most attractive chapters of "The Old Irish World," which she calls "A Great Irish Lady," gives us a sketch of a very noble impersonation of Irish culture in the fifteenth century. This was Margaret O'Connor, who called the learned of all Ireland about her at a great festival at Killeigh, in 1434, when, "clad in cloth of gold, her dearest friends about her, her clergy and judges too," she began the festivities by laying two chalices of gold on the altar as an offering to God Almighty, and dispensed hospitality to 2,700 poets and musicians and learned men. Such a living figure of Irish life is set in vain before the makers of orthodox history. They prefer to judge the social condition of the "native Irish" by what Fynes Moryson says he heard from a Bohemian baron, whose name he does not give. Or, rather, as Mrs. Green shows, they base their judgments, not on what Fynes Moryson said the Bohemian baron said, but on what they themselves say Fynes Moryson said the Bohemian baron said—a very different thing. In Fynes Moryson we read how the baron, coming to the house of the O'Cahan, "was met at the door with sixteen women, all naked, excepting their loose mantles," and so forth. That is much too simple and vague a story for Froude, who accordingly transforms the mantle-clad women—who might have been servants, dependants, or refugees—into "daughters of distinguished Ulster chiefs," squatting in their fathers' castles "in the presence of strangers, and bare of clothing, as if Adam had never sinned." Professor Mahaffy, in a recent essay in an excellent publication of the Georgian Society, adds his share of corroborative detail to the story, and speaks of "the O'Cahan in his wigwam, surrounded by his stark-naked wives and daughters." Thus is Irish history written by the impartial and judicial scholars of Empire. In this way, what Mrs. Green calls "the barbarian legend" has been heroically kept alive.

Like many pioneers, Mrs. Green has to devote a great part of her energies to cutting a way through a monstrous forest of falsehood; but, in chapters like those on Margaret O'Connor and on "The Trade Routes of Ireland," she ever and again pauses to announce her vision of the pleasant places of truth that lie beyond. Those who have been accustomed to think of Ireland as "an island beyond an island," with its very means of communication with the Continent lying through England, will be surprised to discover that the original Irish path to Europe was apparently not through England at all, but directly oversea to Spain and Southern France and to Scandinavia. What traffic did Ireland carry on with these countries? Her great gift to the Continent in the early days was, of course, not commerce, but learning and religion; but even then there was manifestly considerable exchange of commodities, and an old poet could speak of Leinster with "its wine-barque upon the purple flood; its shower of silver of great splendor; its torques of gold from the land of the Gaul." As for Ireland as a centre of distribution of culture to Europe, Mrs. Green writes:—

"Ireland became the source of culture to all Germanic nations; indeed, wherever in the seventh and following centuries education and knowledge is found, it may be traced directly to Irish influence. It has been justly said that at the time of Charles the Bald everyone who spoke Greek on the Continent was almost certainly an Irishman, or taught by an Irishman. By degrees, Irish monasteries, built and supported

by Irish money, spread over Europe from Holland to Tarentum, from Gaul to Bulgaria."

Nor did this direct Continental intercourse cease for many hundreds of years. Through the long centuries, Mrs. Green tells us, the Irish "never lost the habit of the sea and of Europe."

"In the Middle Ages Spanish coin was almost the chief currency in Ireland, so great was the Irish trade with Spain; and in the eighteenth century the country was still full of Spanish, Portuguese, and French money in daily use—the moidore, the doubloon, the pistole, the louis d'or, the new Portuguese gold coin. So much so that in the Peninsular War Ireland was ransacked for foreign coins to send to the army in Spain and Portugal."

The passages we have quoted will give some idea of Mrs. Green's aim and achievement as an Irish historian. She has rehabilitated Ireland as a civilised European country with an almost continuous record of commerce in trade and learning with other European countries—not a barbarous island beyond an island, a province in a backwater, as the Imperialists pictured it in the nineteenth century, but an enterprising and culture-loving nation. Marked with all the author's gifts of style, scholarship, and illumination, the essays and lectures in the present volume reinforce the challenge she has flung down to the historians in her previous books. Here, as in those, she makes us realise the Ireland of history as a living and growing commonwealth instead of as the conventional shambles. Is the account an impartial one? Mrs. Green, in a happy phrase, disclaims "impartiality of the heart." "Love," says an Eastern proverb, "is the net of truth." That is the secret of Mrs. Green's genius as an historian. To great gifts of the mind she has added great gifts of the heart. That is why she has succeeded in arriving at a human and beautiful interpretation of Irish history where a thousand colder-blooded scholars have lost themselves as in a maze without a plan.

OUR FRIAR TUCK.

"The Four Men: A Farrago." By H. BELLOC. (Nelson. 2s. net.)

UNLIKE St. Paul in many points, Mr. Belloc comes near him in one—he is a man born out of due time; he ought to have been born five centuries ago. We do not know exactly when the jolly friar was at his jolliest, but we will put it at the beginning of the fifteenth century—no matter for fifty years either way; whenever it was, Mr. Belloc would have been the jolliest friar of them all. How well we can imagine him strolling merrily through the wealds and wilds of Southern England, trolling his own merry songs as he went, cheering on the ploughman, hailing all good fellows by the road, and of an evening pouring out his lusty tales, seated beside his pot on a beerhouse bench, from which he had dislodged the cat! But why describe him when we have his contemporary portrait, drawn for us already by the master:—

"A Frere there was, a wantoun and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man.
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can
So much of daliaunce and fair langage.
And certayn he hadde a merye note,
Wel couthe he syngre and pleye on a rote.
Thereto he strong was as a champion,
He knew wel the tavernes in every town,
And every osteller or gay tapstere.
Somewhat he lippede, for wantounnesse,
To make his Englisch swete upon his tunge;
And in his harpyngre, when that he had sunge,
His eyghen twynkeled in his heed aright,
As don the sterres in the frosty night."

We have taken only part of the description—only such part as serves. But this serves well. We should only like to add the picture of the same jolly friar rolling up his sleeves, tucking his skirts into his girdle, and charging, club in hand, into the midst of the fray, dealing many a thwacking welt at the puny pates of Front Benchmen, financiers, Jews, infidels, heretics, rationalists, Radicals, Tories, Dissenters, Dreyfusards, teetotallers, literary men, vegetarians, and all such as inhabit the halls of Eustace Miles. For, like many friars, he is a born soldier, but only fights with a bludgeon, as was the rule for all clergy in war.

Here, in this little book, we have that jolly friar again—

his wantonness and merriment, his dalliance and fair language, his singing and playing, his knowledge of taverns, his English lisping sweet upon the tongue, his sparkling eye, his bludgeon stroke. And all the time he remains "a ful solempne man," very conscious of his proper value, lumbering, with majestic tread, through a different world from the frail teetotaller's, or from the puling creatures who cannot believe.

But alas! he is like one born out of due time, and he begins to know it. An air of regret pervades the jollity—a sense of the transitory brightness of mortal things. Even the everlasting hills continually change; even the glory of the Sussex Downs shall not abide for ever. Change and decay in all around, he sees, and the sight depresses the Jolly Friar almost to tears; for, in his proper century, no one imagined such melancholy prospects. A Lollard here and there, perhaps, was making himself a whining nuisance, but no one was fool enough to utter a word against beer and beef. Happy was the mortal soul who got a smell of either! There was a pestilent fellow named Wiclif, burnt after his death (far too late!); but no Eustace Miles—none of "these anti-belly tricks that canalise mankind into the trench that leads to hell." "Burn me," cries the latter-day Friar, as he walks through Sussex with his three random but symbolic companions:—

"Burn me those men who are afraid of the Flesh! Water-drinkers also, and caterwauling outers (*sic*), and turnip mumbler, enemies of beef, treasonable to the immemorial ox and the traditions of our human kind! Piffers and sniffers, and servants of the meanest of the devils, tied fast to halting, knock-kneed Baphomet, the coward's god, and chained to the usurers as is a mangy dog to a blind man!"

It is a little too insistent. It is the passionate, tremulous emphasis of a threatened cause. The bludgeon is wielded with the violence of despair. The foundation of an "Anti-Puritan League," with the Jolly Friar as its patron, only proves how serious a danger overhangs the merry creed of Beer and Bible—we mean, of Beer and Beef. The sorrow of it touches us, for the creed appears to be a necessary article of Christianity, and we are Christians. "A Christian song have I to sing," cries the Friar, in a Christmas carol:—

"I pray good beef, and I pray good beer,
This holy night of all the year;
But I pray detestable drink for them
That give no honor to Bethlehem.
May all good fellows that here agree,
Drink Audit Ale in heaven with me,
And may all my enemies go to hell!
Noël! Noël! &c., &c."

Similarly, in the semi-chorus of another Anti-Puritan canticle, we have the true friar's combination of Beer and Stake:—

"And thank the Lord
For the temporal sword,
And howling heretics, too;
And whatever things
Our Christendom brings,
But especially barley brew!"

How we should cherish such a ditty if it came to us from the fifteenth century! How Mr. Cecil Sharp would treasure it among his "folk songs," and the carol-singers squeak it in our streets! But springing fresh in the twentieth century, it is a dirge. It strives in vain to recapture an irrevocable past. No longer can stupefying beer resolve the tormenting problems of mankind, nor the sweet savor of roasting beef and heretics suffice for humanity's enjoyment. The beefy, beery friar knows it, and that is what casts a shadow over his book. In a friar's characteristically bad Latin, he cries: "Laborare est orare sed potare clarior!" But he is inwardly aware it will not do. At the beginning of the book, he gives us a beautiful map of the beloved Sussex, the scene of his merry, melancholy talks. On the Hampshire side we read, "Hic Porci"; on the Kent side, "Hic Caudiferi." But on the North, or Surrey, side stand written the fateful words: "Suburbani Hic Olent." Hanging in air, like London smoke, there looms the shadow of doom. It approaches the frontier of the sacred land. Here and there it penetrates. We have heard of publishers at Midhurst, of authors at Preston, Henfield, and somewhere else; of culture beside the Arun, of a vegetarian near Beachy Head. There is no helping it. Degenerate Normans, the Suburbani are invading Sussex from the North, and here and there "olent"—one sniffs the effluvium of them

on the summer air, nauseous as the petrol of their stinking carts.

What if our ancient Friar is himself infected? He speaks of "ingle-nooks," of "whence-from" as an English word, of "flitter-mice" for bats, of "steadings" for villages. "Olent," we can only lament, in friars' Latin: "Olent verba suburbané, immo hortisuburbané." In such words we smell the quaintly gabled houses, the incredible roofs, the silly chimneys, the hatless heads, the sandalled feet, the skewered fish-baskets—we mean vegetable-baskets!—returning home with husband in the evening from London town. We see the photographs of Savonarola and Botticelli's "Spring" upon the walls. We see the lemonade tavern, with its sign of "Ye Olde Skittelerie," or "Ye Olde Cheaping-stade." Coleridge spoke of Swift as a Rabelais dwelling in a dry place. With sadness we think of Mr. Belloc as a Rabelais threatened by the suburbs.

That is what flavors, not only his beer, but all his merry tales with a tang of melancholy—the melancholy of the last survivor, the latest mammoth. In the midst of his rollicking stories of the Sussex squire who rushed the House in style, of St. Dunstan and the Devil, and of the battle of the men of Kent against the men of Sussex, we hear the graver, solemn note of the run for life before the Money-devil, the Lust-devil, or the Three-toed Sloth; or of the mournful loss in estrangement and the disillusion of love; or (perhaps the finest story of all) the useless bargain of the Politician who tried to sell his soul and could not, because the Devil now only takes such souls by the gross. These excellent tales, songs, and reflections are apportioned among three other men beside the author, as we mentioned. But there is no need to separate the three persons very carefully, for the fourth is called "Myself," and no reader will require the author's assurance that "Myself is the dearest sounding name in all the world."

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The opportunity was soon afforded her. There was in Rome an Association of Good Building, formed to acquire city tenements, remodel them, and "administer them as a good father of a family would." Slum property was converted into decent dwellings, with the usual result. "The people keep the house in perfect condition, without a single spot."

"But in striving to realise its ideal of a semi-gratuitous maintenance of its buildings, the Association met with a difficulty in regard to those children under school age, who must often be left alone during the entire day while their parents went out to work. Those little ones, not being able to understand the educative motives which taught their parents to respect the house, became ignorant little vandals, defacing the walls and stairs."

For "these ignorant little vandals" provision was required. Out of this need grew the Children's House. This Children's House was not a *crèche* where little children were kept out of mischief, it was a place where they were really educated; it was not a school away from the parents' homes, it was held within the circuit of the dwellings. The ideal of the Children's House is best explained in the writer's own words:—

"It is important that I speak here of the pedagogical progress attained by the 'Children's House' as an institution. Those who are conversant with the chief problems of the school know that to-day much attention is given to a great principle, one that is ideal and almost beyond realisation—the union of the family and the school in the matter of educational aims. But the family is always something far away from the school, and is almost always regarded as rebelling against its ideals. It is a species of phantom upon which the school can never lay its hands. The home is closed not only to pedagogical progress, but often to social progress. We see here, for the first time, the possibility of realising the long talked-of pedagogical ideal. We have put the school within the house; and this is not all. We have placed it within the house as the property of the collectivity, leaving under the eyes of the parents the whole life of the teacher in the accomplishment of her high mission."

"The mother may go at any hour of the day to watch, to admire, or to meditate upon the life there." The school is carried on under the direction of Dr. Montessori. The children spend the whole day there and receive their meals. The writer gives many charming pictures of the school and its effect on parents and children. "We may say that the mothers adore the Children's House, and the directress. How many delicate and thoughtful attentions these good mothers show the teachers of their little ones! They often leave sweets or flowers upon the sill of the schoolroom window, as a silent token, reverently, almost religiously, given." The children remain until they reach the age of six or seven, when they pass to the ordinary school.

It will be seen that we have here something much more than a method of teaching; we have a communal life and an environment. We have, in addition, a strong personality presiding over the whole. We cannot disentangle the influence of these different factors. But this at least can be said: We have an experiment that deserves, nay demands, imitation. It must, however, be carried out as a whole; we must "put the school within the house." This is clearly the essential feature of the system. And there is no reason why this should not be done. With municipalities carrying out housing schemes and the clearance of slum property, there should be abundant opportunity of following the example of the Roman Association of Good Building. Slight expense is apparently involved; elaborate structures are not required; a little open space and a room or two is all that is necessary. It would seem that the children in a single Children's House should not be too many; about forty appears to be the number.

Of the method, as distinguished from the system, it may be desirable to add a word. It is founded on what the writer calls liberty, meaning thereby the spontaneous development of the child. It requires close observation, and an intimate knowledge of experimental psychology. It has much in common with the method of Froebel, with this difference, that while Froebel encouraged concerted action, Dr. Montessori endeavors to secure individual action. She has designed elaborate apparatus to carry out her ideas. It is much to be hoped that this will not be supplied whole-

sale. The value lies in the person that designed the apparatus and not in the apparatus designed. Nothing in the past has been more prejudicial to educational progress than the imitation of the apparatus of a great teacher.

It will be seen that there is nothing strikingly original in the methods, taken by themselves. Perhaps the reputation for originality is due to the dramatic suddenness with which definite results are secured. Take the following description of the first writing of a child:—

"I was sitting near a chimney, and said to a little five-year-old boy who sat beside me: 'Draw me a picture of this chimney,' giving him, as I spoke, a piece of chalk. He got down obediently and made a rough sketch of the chimney on the tiles which formed the floor of this rough terrace. As is my custom with little children, I encouraged him, praising his work. The child looked at me, smiled, remained for a moment as if on the point of bursting into some joyous act, and then cried out: 'I can write! I can write!' and kneeling down again he wrote on the pavement the word 'hand.' Then, full of enthusiasm, he wrote also 'chimney,' 'roof.' As he wrote, he continued to cry out: 'I can write! I know how to write!' His cries of joy brought the other children, who formed a circle about him, looking down at his work in stupefied amazement. Two or three of them said to me, trembling with excitement: 'Give me the chalk. I can write too.' And indeed they began to write various words: *Mama, hand, John, chimney, Ada*. . . . It was the first time they had ever written, and they traced an entire word."

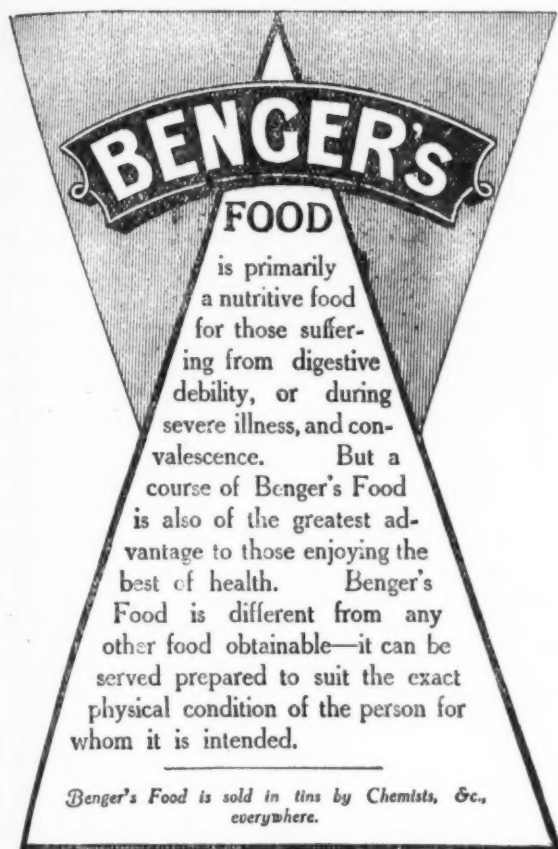
But, before this apparent miracle occurred, there had been long preparation, the children handling and tracing the outlines of letters for months. Such preparation, in the hands of a great genius, may afford a fascinating amusement; but under the guidance of the ordinary teacher it may prove no less tedious than the more orthodox methods of learning to write. The same may be said of the other applications of the method. It is not the method alone, it is the genius who applies it that works the miracle.

Two signal services are performed by this book. We have, first, the experience of a great teacher, suggestive, inspiring, but almost defiant of imitation. And, secondly, we have an account of the initiation of a great social experiment—the creation of the Children's House; and this can be repeated, and repeated with good hope of success.

NOVELS, ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.

"Four Chimneys." By S. MACNAUGHTAN. (Nelson. 2s. net.)
 "Elsie Lindtner." By KARIN MICHAELIS. Translated by BEATRICE MARSHALL. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

IN "Four Chimneys" Miss Macnaughtan has accomplished an exceptionally charming piece of work. Of late years the quiet English school of fiction, of which Miss Thackeray, a generation back, was the most distinguished leader, has been little in evidence. The lowering of standards of good breeding, of traditional taste and refinement, accomplished by the incursion of moneyed values and "smart" ideas in society, made it a little difficult for English novelists to keep the flag flying of the old-fashioned virtues. The psychological dividing line betwixt the old and the new forces may be traced in Mr. Henry James's pictures of English society in the early 'eighties and those of the late 'nineties. A new current had set in, turbid and boisterous, when Mr. Kipling was acclaimed as a literary law-giver. Miss Macnaughtan's novels offer clever studies of normal British types, and of typical atmospheres in town and country circles. A pleasant sense of comedy and real spiritual insight distinguish her handling of human material that for the most part is rather depressingly Philistine in its mental grain. In "Four Chimneys" Miss Macnaughtan introduces us to Tolhurst, a sleepy little South-country village, long presided over by the good, old-fashioned family of the Derings. Mrs. Leslie, the charming married heroine, is a Dering, and has inherited the delightful, unobtrusive country house, "Four Chimneys," from her uncle, who died suddenly in Kashmir; so suddenly, indeed, that he had only time to entrust his last will and testament to the execution of the wandering English artist, Montague Leslie, who answered his hasty summons. What more natural than that the artist should have sought out the schoolgirl, Barbara Dering, and, in love with her sweetness and grace, have speedily betrothed himself to her? The story opens after fifteen years of their peaceful married life have slipped away, when Mrs. Leslie, a sweet and gracious woman, perfect as wife



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and mother, is still as much in love with Monty as ever, while he, fastidiously exquisite in all his tastes, cultivates his literary dilettantism on the five thousand a year in the old-world house that is his wife's heritage. We must congratulate Miss Macnaughtan on the naturalness and subtlety with which she touches in the social atmosphere of quiet Tolhurst, and the position which Mrs. Leslie holds as the sweet, presiding genius of the neighborhood. Happy in her children, she is always helping others, dispensing her money and her sympathy to the poor, and seeing only good in her gentle soul. But her awakening comes when the blow falls and she learns that her own and her family's fortune has been swallowed up by her husband's speculations. They are ruined. Monty has muddled away all but a fraction of her capital. And worse, she discovers that her husband has deceived and cheated her from the first day. He had married her when she thought she was poor, keeping back from her the extent of her fortune, juggling with her securities, and abusing the trust of her dead uncle. But Mrs. Leslie forgives her husband. At this stage, Andrew Duncan, a retired millionaire from the colonies, comes into the story. He is the grave, reticent type of man, strong and shrewd, yet capable of a self-sacrificing passion. It is a tribute to Miss Macnaughtan that her fineness of feminine touch and the thousand shades of a clever woman's feeling mask the somewhat factitious outlines of her masculine characters. It is true that the contemptible littleness of Montague Leslie, his parasitic selfishness, and his entire self-absorption in his own sensibilities suggest that he has been drawn from a hated living model. But Miss Macnaughtan so insistently rubs in the man's selfish hollowness that we ask—Could Barbara have loved him so devotedly for all those years and never have found him out? She is a saint in her self-sacrifice, as the sequel shows, but one is a little distrustful of saints who lack insight. The figure of the strong, reticent Andrew Duncan, who, worshipping Mrs. Leslie with a shy man's devotion, lives only to serve her, but momentarily betrays his passion when the crisis is reached, is true to type. Is not, however, his figure invented as a masculine counterbalance to the worthless Montague's? And would he be capable of such virtuous self-effacement as to insist on facilitating the reunion of the husband and wife? Miss Macnaughtan's fine shades of tender meaning grow so very fine at this juncture that an almost impalpable moral haze seems to float round the figures of the man and woman who put aside their love for honor's sake. We do not question Barbara's decision to "serve and obey" her ineffable husband to the last chapter, which involves the loss of her beloved home, "Four Chimneys," and the migration of herself and her family to the South of France, where Monty, now an invalid, has taken root. Her self-sacrifice is the fulfilment of the spiritual ideal of which she herself stands as a personification, but there is, perhaps, a little too much juggling on the author's part, and a little bending and twisting of the characters and their emotions to bring the sacrifice to pass. Monty is, we think, the least satisfactory of the three leading characters. Not only has the author transfixed him with an almost excessive malice, but she has obviously old scores to settle with that King Charles's head of English novelists, the Artistic Temperament. To drown a cat, you hang a weight round its neck, but the unfortunate person among us who is convicted of possessing the "artistic temperament" sinks, in our public's estimation, straight to the bottom.

Hardness and vulgarity are no doubt qualities in modern novels that appeal to a large section of our public; but Karin Michaelis's frank interest in sexual psychology, and her blunt audacity may not be so pleasing to her English readers. The fuss that was raised by M. Marcel Prévost over "The Dangerous Age" will scarcely be repeated over "Elsie Lindtner"; but readers are sheep-like, and reviewers, we know, often have difficulty in distinguishing between geese and swans. "The Dangerous Age" was a goose, but one that cackled with so high a note over the most disconcerting years in a woman's life, that the journalists shouted, "Here at last is the safe guide to a woman's soul . . . sincere enough to take its place beside the revealing human documents of the world, the 'Confessions' of Jean Jacques Rousseau," etc., etc. Ineptitude could no further go. Madame Michaelis has indeed the merit of sincerity. So

far as she can perceive it, she tells the truth; but the tone of her speech has the self-assertive, positive brassiness of a tradesman's wife discussing her neighbor's private affairs. She lacks those delicate shades of discreet sympathy and fine intuition which distinguish a subtle woman's intelligence. And without subtlety, is it worth while pursuing a psychological analysis? The heroine, Elsie Lindtner, after twenty-two years of married life, separates from her husband, retires to her island home, discovers she is terribly bored in her solitude, and is thrown over by Joergen Malthé, the young man whom she secretly counted on as a lover. In this sequel we see the disillusioned heroine taking to travel as a means of distraction, gambling at Monte Carlo, analysing her own bitter, weary, and frivolous moods, and probing her feminine friends' love affairs, while living an idle, pleasure-hunting life in Paris and New York. Much of the narrative of Elsie Lindtner's inner boredom is true to the egoism of a hard, disillusioned woman; but there is little conviction in her account of her adoption of Kelly, a little waif of the New York criminal class, and how she struggles to eradicate his diseased and depraved instincts. This episode is evidently imaginary, or is repeated from hearsay, and the living touches of truth that should vitalise the picture are absent. Better are the letters to Professor Rothe, anent his harsh treatment of his wife, Lillie, whose platonic passion for a man who did not return her love leads to her suicide. Madame Michaelis, in general, shows more skill in attacking the stupidities and failures of masculine feeling than in rehabilitating her heroines. But the dying letters of Lillie Rothe to her husband and to the man she loved are an exception; they read, indeed, like delicate transcripts from the diary of a spiritual woman.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"A Polish Exile with Napoleon." By G. L. DE ST. M. WATSON. (Harper. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Polish exile was one Piontkowski, a young hussar, lancer, or lifeguard ("deponents differ"), who followed Napoleon successively to Elba and St. Helena. At Elba he shed his slight official rank to serve as a trooper in the Polish Light Horse; at St. Helena (he had been made captain by Napoleon after Waterloo, when there was no longer anything to captain) he received the post of Equerry under Gourmand, who was master of the non-existent Horse. He looked after the French grooms and the English ostlers, of whom the first drank, and the second both drank and fought. He shot partridge in the little preserves of Longwood, lunched with the amiable Bertrands, dined with whom he pleased, and over the embers dreamed of another Empire. He was wholly devoted to Napoleon, who seems to have been not much more than aware of him. After ten months he was deported. Bathurst disapproved of his criticisms in the "Declaration," and Lowe suspected him of trying to bribe, in Napoleon's interest, the English lieutenant Nagle, who was earlier bound for England. There has been a slight mystery about Piontkowski (Lord Rosebery's interest was piqued by it), but his story in his relations with Napoleon shows it quite unimportant. In England he wrote a series of letters to Sir Robert Wilson, soldier and politician, which were revealed to Mr. Watson in the British Museum, and of which he has made interesting use in this volume. Really, however, there was little or nothing to say about Piontkowski, and the author's interest in the subject seems inspired chiefly by a notion of reviving the squabble over Sir Hudson Lowe. Mr. Watson is anti-Lowe to the point of bigotry; but in this there is nothing unusual. Almost all debaters in this controversy, out of which has long since passed whatever vital interest it may ever have possessed, are partisans on the one side or the other. The one thing to insist on is that the subject itself is void. It is a compliment to Mr. Watson to add that, with his partisanship, his complacency, his cocksureness, and his puns, he has written a lively and clever book.

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dealing with the events of Charles II.'s escape after the Battle of Worcester, together with an historical introduction, and a full bibliography of "Boscobel" literature. The period covered is nearly six weeks, as the Battle of Worcester was fought on September 3rd, the day of Cromwell's "crowning mercy," and Charles managed to get on board a vessel at Brighton on October 15th. Mr. Broadley gives us a map of Charles's travels, and nearly every place of interest has now been identified, in particular the "house in the hills," a farm near Charmouth, where Charles spent the afternoon of September 22nd, 1651, the day on which he had left Trent Manor in the hope of effecting his escape to France. The identification of this place was first made public by Mr. Allan Fea, in his "Flight of the King," but Mr. Broadley and Canon Myers had come to the same conclusion before Mr. Fea's book appeared. The present collection is produced in a beautiful form and will be welcomed by collectors of Stuart pamphlets and broadsides. The illustrations include a large number of rare seventeenth-century engravings.

* * *

"The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins." Edited by L. C. COLLINS. (Dent. 6s. net.)

ALLOWANCES must always be made in judging a posthumous volume of essays, and Mr. L. C. Collins tells us that these were delivered by his father in the form of lectures, and have been put into shape from passages that were little more than rough notes. But if they hardly reach the level we expected from Professor Collins, they have many of the qualities that made his criticism so valuable. Wide and accurate scholarship, independence of outlook, and a determination to do full justice to his subject—these are all well worth having, even when accompanied by a touch of asperity and a rather militant dogmatism. Perhaps the chief fault of the present collection is that in it there is accentuated Professor Collins's tendency to insist too much upon current ethical judgments in his literary appreciations. This is noticeable in his treatment of Tennyson and Browning, and seems also in part responsible for his strictures on Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. It is also evident in the essay on Wordsworth, to whose poetry Professor Collins does far less than justice, and we rub our eyes when we read that "the American Wordsworth" is William Cullen Bryant. But Mr. L. C. Collins was quite right in publishing these lectures from his father's note-books, and we are particularly grateful for the two essays on Emerson, and for the three in which Browning is compared with writers so far apart as Bishop Butler, Montaigne, and Lessing. As was the case with everything that Professor Collins wrote, the essays are packed with information.

The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, June 21.	Price Friday morning, June 28.
Consols	76½	76½
Midland Deferred	68½	68
Canadian Pacific	271	272½
Mexican Railway Ordinary	56½	58½
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Union Pacific	172½	175

SINCE I last wrote, the usual pressure on the Money Market has begun, and the banks are gathering in credits, in order "to window-dress" for their half-yearly balance-sheets. Mr. Lloyd George's announcement of five millions out of last year's surplus for the Sinking Fund came opportunely to rally the Consol Market, but the rise was checked by doubts as to whether the money (instead of being applied directly to Consols) might not be employed to redeem Exchequer Bonds. The Consol Market is not very philosophic, and has no ideas about Sinking Fund and debt reduction beyond the very narrow philosophy of short-sighted self-interest. Home Rails have been dull, and there has been general apathy, with some exceptions, in the Miscellaneous Market. On the other hand, Stock Exchange men and bankers both admit that they have had a very prosperous half-year. Trade, moreover, is wonderfully good. The Lancashire cotton industry and iron and steel are in a state of almost unparalleled prosperity.

THE LAST ACCOUNT.

The Stock Exchange fortnightly account, which ended on Wednesday, began fairly cheerfully; but, in spite of the fillip given to Consols by Mr. Lloyd George's statement, it ended in depression and stagnation. Home Rails were weak, especially the Underground and Southern issues. Central London Deferred and Ordinary lost about five points each; Brighton "A" fell three, and Dover "A" two points. The American Market was oppressed by the political excitements of Chicago and Baltimore. Better news from Mexico and better traffics have helped Mexican Rails. Argentine North-Easterns and Entre Rios have each advanced several points on rumors of an impending amalgamation of the systems, which, however, has been officially denied. Buenos Ayres Pacifics, on the other hand, have lost four points on pessimistic dividend talk. An official scheme is also announced for fusing the B.A. Western and the B.A. Great Southern. In the Foreign Government securities, which have been quiet, Uruguay Bonds showed a rise during the account of two points.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

The Canadian electrical group have been a centre of speculation, buyers having anticipated the scheme of amalgamation which came to light on Tuesday. It has provoked quiet criticism; but the public does not discriminate. Rio Trams have jumped fifteen points, and Mexican Trams nine points. Hudson's Bay shares rose during the account six points, owing to expectations of a share-splitting scheme. It is noticed that London Omnibus non-assenting stock, which recently touched 410, has relapsed to a little better than 300. The Underground scheme shows how foolish was the speculation engendered by the report of amalgamation. Rubber issues suffered a good deal from competition with a synthetic rubber, which has been explained by a Manchester professor, and is now being demonstrated to the public with a view to the formation of a manufacturing company. Since the Shell and Spies dividends and reports, the Oil Market has become dull and inactive.

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THE Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., was held on Monday, June 24th, 1912, at the St. Pancras Hotel, London, Sir Jesse Boot, Chairman and Managing Director, presiding. The notice convening the meeting having been read, the Chairman said:—

"Last week we held our Annual Meeting of Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) Ltd.; to-day we hold the 24th Annual Meeting of Boots Pure Drug Company, Limited. As most of our shareholders are aware, Boots Pure Drug Company, Ltd., is, so to speak, the parent Company of four Associated Companies, for, besides a large holding in Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern), it holds practically all the Ordinary Shares in Boots Cash Chemists (Southern), Ltd., Boots Cash Chemists (Western), Ltd., and Boots Cash Chemists (Lancashire), Ltd. Although Boots Cash Chemists (Eastern) is a flourishing company, a most important fact should not be lost sight of, viz., that the business of these other Companies is immensely larger; in fact, about four times as large.

"The Drug Company's business and that of the Associated Companies extends from Aberdeen to the Channel Islands, thus offering an almost unlimited scope for extensions, and the profitable use of capital alike in the retail, wholesale, and manufacturing departments. Every fresh issue of capital has proved profitable, and has enabled us to take advantage of further opportunities for development in all directions—development which, indeed, has not been so much sought as pressed upon us alike by customers and the general public. In addition to ordinary training developments and consequent outlay, considerable amounts are required from time to time for purchasing properties, frequently on the best, and therefore the most valuable, sites, in order to avoid increased rentals being imposed upon us, as they would be if we only leased them for a term. Not only so, but purchasing also enables us to avoid spending money on the necessary alterations for our business on other people's property, money representing outlay which might have to be written off in the course of a short lease.

"Last year's profits of this Company, as the accounts show, amount to £97,057 against £84,554 last year and £74,956 in 1910. After paying dividends and various allocations to Chemists' Provident Fund and Contingency Funds, etc., an amount of £42,649 is carried forward to next year. This is such an ample provision that we are able, with confidence, to pay quarterly dividends on all classes of shares."

In acknowledging the re-election of his firm as auditors, Mr. Parsons said:—

"In thanking you for your confidence, it may not be out of place to emphasise some facts which my long experience as Auditor (dating from before the formation of the Company) enables me to state. You are aware that the growth of the business has been steady and gradual, both as regards Boots Pure Drug Company and the Associated Retail Companies which have sprung from it. From my knowledge of the basis on which the balance-sheet valuations are made, I am quite satisfied that the position is not represented in the balance-sheet in too favourable a light. It has always been a satisfaction to me as Auditor that the Directors have adopted the prudent policy of charging all maintenance, and of providing ample depreciation against wasting assets, before showing profits, and that they have accumulated Reserve Funds partly by appropriations out of such net profits, but also by adding thereto the whole of the premiums received from time to time on the various issues of share capital, less the expenses of such issues. In view, therefore, of the healthy growth and development of the business, of the prudent nature of its valuations, and the volume and steady increase of its profits, I regard your Company as being in a thoroughly strong position, both as to capital and earning power."

SPIES PETROLEUM COMPANY (LTD.).

THE 13TH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING was held on Thursday at the Cannon-street Hotel, Mr. J. ANNAN BRYCE, M.P. (Chairman of the Company), presiding.

The CHAIRMAN said that the capital issued was now £625,000, as against £600,000 in the last balance sheet. The difference was owing to the option over 50,000 shares attached to the issue of February, 1911, having been exercised in August last. The profit, £191,624, was about £12,000 larger than that of last year, and, with the exception of £3,700, was all made in the ordinary course of business, while last year the smaller total included a sum of £45,000 realised from the sale of the Maikop Spies shares. The large additional profit made in the ordinary course of business was due to the higher prices realised in 1911, notwithstanding the smaller production. When securing the continued "life" of the business by the acquisition of fresh lands, it had been the policy of the Board to spread their holdings as much as possible over the whole of the Grosny field, in order to provide against a possible failure in any one section of it. They had acquired a large number of plots in the west central, east central, and extreme eastern and western sections. The result was that the water trouble which first manifested itself in the extreme western plots about the middle of last year had comparatively small effects on their total production.

As regarded the actual production, it appeared that after a rise in 1910 of 7½ millions of poods, owing to prolific fountains, the production of 1911, notwithstanding the water trouble and the absence of fountains in the latter half, diminished to the extent of only 2 1-3 million poods, while it exceeded that of 1909 by 5,374,580 poods.

As stated in the report, an improvement in the yield of some of the watered wells had lately taken place. Moreover, to make up for what they hoped was but a temporary diminution in the supply from the western plots, they were boring vigorously in the east central and eastern sections.

With regard to the production of the current year, while it was true that the production of the first five months showed a falling off as compared with that of the first five months of 1911, it was to be remembered that in that period of 1911 there was a production of nearly 2 million poods from fountains. Furthermore, there had been a steady increase in the current year month by month, and in the month of May, 1912, the production was about 1,600,000 poods, or just about the average of the monthly production of 1911. Even if the water trouble was not overcome, there was no reason to anticipate a diminution in production. There was no reason to expect much fall in prices for some time to come. To provide funds for their further undertaking, they had arranged to underwrite 200,000 shares at the price of 22s., the shares being offered to the shareholders. This price was rather lower than that of the last issue, but, considering the state of the market, the Board considered the bargain a good one.

Mr. G. GRINNELL-MILNE seconded the motion, which was adopted, and a resolution was passed declaring a final dividend at the rate of 1s. 3d. per share, making 20 per cent. for the year, tax free.

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30 "	21 1 8	829	886	1,426
40 "	32 4 2	826	1,111	1,475
50 "	44 18 4	784	1,271	1,513

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Any attempts made by candidates seeking posts to enlist support for their applications, whether through Members of Parliament, or Commissioners, or in any other way, except as directed in the memorandum referred to, will disqualify.

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